

APRIL 16, 1956

SPORTS

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**BARBARA
ROMACK**
CURTIS CUP STAR

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
KENTUCKY HORSE FARMS
FAMILY BOWLING IN ILLINOIS

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SPRINGS ILLUSTRATED
April 16, 1956

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Volume 4
Number 16



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COVER: BARBARA ROMACK
Photograph by Fred Loun

The charming young lady just finishing a golf swing on this week's cover is Miss Barbara Romack, of Sacramento, Calif. (see page 16). Despite her small physique (5 feet 4, 110 pounds) she is one of the biggest hitters in ladies' amateur golf. Barbara won her first tournament at the age of 16, has progressed steadily, and now, at 23, will try to help retain the Curtis Cup in England this June.

All scheduled events on page 67

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE FISH AND THE LURE

As the age-old struggle is renewed, *SI* presents some unusual underwater action photos in color of fresh-water game fish



THE DAMNDEST YANKEE OF ALL

Billy Martin, peppery, pertinacious paragon of Casey Stengel's infield, holds still for a vivid word portrait by Paul O'Neil



SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Bill Nieder, big University of Kansas strongboy hailed as "new Paddy O'Brien," gave strength to supporters' claims, tossed shotput 59 feet 9 inches at Texas Relays, breaking O'Brien's outdoor college record by 6¼ inches.



Paul Arata, sharp-eyed Philadelphia forward, scored 289 points in 10 playoff games, helped Warriors complete rag-to-riches comeback by taking four out of five from Fort Wayne Pistons to win NBA championship.

RECORD BREAKERS

George Breen, powerful stroker from Cortland State Teachers, set off assault on world swimming records in men's AAU indoor championships at New Haven, stroking one mile in 19:40.4 (April 5). Other world record breakers last week: Japan's tiny Jiro Nagaiwa, who swished 220-yard butterfly in 2:19.4 (April 6) and North Carolina AC's Bill Sonner, Dick Nelson, Dick Fadden and Dave McIntyre, who hustled through 400-yard medley relay in 3:46.2 at same meet (April 7); Lafayette (Ind.) AC's Lucy Crocker, Helen Hughes, Barbara Love and Joan Rozasna, who rattled off 400-yard freestyle relay in 3:56.8 in women's AAU indoor meet at Daytona Beach (April 6).

Ruth Kratz of Baltimore rolled four-game total of 569 for distaff world mark in National Open Duckpin Tournament at Charlotte, N.C. (April 7).

BOXING

Honest **Bill Daly** blandly offered Champion Johnny Saxton \$100,000 to meet his meal ticket, Vince Martinez, for welterweight title, then watched Martinez methodically punch out 10-round decision over willing but badly outclassed Miguel Diaz at Miami Beach.

Willie Pastrano, seventh-ranked New Orleans heavyweight with fast feet, jiggling nimbly and relying upon stabbing left jab to pile up points, led hulking Johnny Arthur merry chase to win 10-rounder at New Orleans.

Joey Giambra, handsome young middleweight in second fight since release from Army, showed signs of rustiness as rough-and-ready British routine John L. Sullivan hammered him with lusty blows in middle rounds, but used boxing skill to take decision at Syracuse, N.Y.

Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg, ex-treasurer of defunct London Sporting Club who few coop to native New Jersey when New York boxing commission revoked his permit and fined him \$3,000 (still uncollected), received official blessing and renewal of promoter's license from New Jersey Commissioner Joe Walker, an act which brought shocked comment from Julius Helfand, who had expected neighboring state to honor reciprocal agreement to recognize suspensions: "We are completely surprised and disappointed. This ... could hurt boxing."

BASKETBALL

Phillips Giera, one of two AAU teams in round-robin Olympic trials at Kansas City, barely edged College All-Stars on point-spread formula after each posted 2-1 record, won five places on 12-man U.S. Olympic squad.

SWIMMING

AAU indoor championships brought forth glistering performances as North Carolina AC barely won men's title with 72 points at New Haven, and Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club easily captured women's crown with 110 points at Daytona Beach.

Only double winners among men were Cortland State's George Breen, who won 1,000-meter freestyle in 18:20.2 and 440-yard freestyle in 4:30.1, and Ohio State's versatile Al Wiggins, who set meet record of 0:54.5 in 100-yard butterfly and also took 100-yard backstroke in 0:57. American records were set by North Carolina's Dick Fadden in 220-yard breaststroke (2:37.1) and Army's Donald Kutyna in 100-yard breaststroke (1:03). Women swimmers accounted for even more U.S. marks, three of them by Walter Reed aquamade, as Shelley Mann streaked 200-yard butterfly in 2:24.8, Mary Jane Sears thrashed 400-yard breaststroke in 3:22.1 and Douglass Gray covered 500-yard freestyle in 3:55.8. Pretty 15-year-old Carin Cone of Ridgewood, N.J. also accounted for new mark, paddling 200-yard backstroke in 2:26.4.

HORSE RACING

Sailor, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sleaze's 4-year-old chestnut colt, found sloppy track to his liking, splashed through mud at Bowie to win \$110,750 John B. Campbell Memorial by four lengths but suffered swollen left ankle, may be sidelined for several weeks.

TENNIS

Big Pancho Gonzales complained bitterly about single-service and 21-point scoring rules but still had best game, overpowering scrambling little Pancho Segura 21-15, 13-21, 21-14, 22-20 to win pre-tournament at Cleveland (see page 48).

continued on page 6

FOCUS ON THE DEED



PLAY-BALL TIME stirs youngest baseball generation as Little Leaguers rush the new season at Kings Point, N.Y.



SIDELINE ROLE falls to Lieutenant Wes Santer, USMC (right, in poncho) at Quantico (Va.) Relays in which he once hoped to compete.



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SCOREBOARD continued from page 4



Cory Shields, 61, veteran stockbroker-sailor known to rivals as "The Gray Fox of Long Island Sound," won famed Larchmont winter dinghy series with *Dama*, scoring .393 to .890 for Arthur Knapp, who had won five years in a row.

GOLF

Jack Burke Jr., down eight strokes going into final round, shot steady 71 as Amateur Ken Venturi, who led most of way, and Cary Middlecoff met disaster, won his first Masters title at Augusta (see page 28).

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens overpowered Detroit 3-0 on hot stickwork of Jean Beliveau after splitting two games earlier in week 5-1, 1-3, moved to 3-1 lead, needed one more victory to take Stanley Cup.

TRACK & FIELD

John Landy loped along for three laps, then turned on speed to check in with 3:38.6 mile at Melbourne, breaking four-minute barrier for fourth time, apologetically revealed: "I was extremely surprised. I felt I was running woefully."

Jack Davis ran away from winter sensation Lee Calhoun to take 120-yard high hurdles in 0:13.8 at rain-plagued Quantico Relays; University of Kansas dominated Texas Relays at Austin.

MILEPOSTS

NOUN—to Luis Miguel Dominguez, heretic Spanish matador, and Lucia Bose, curvaceous Italian movie star; their first child, a son; at Panama.

DEED—John J. (Donna) Fox, 59, veteran bobsledder, longtime U.S. Olympic contestant, coach and official; of heart attack, at Ridgewood, N.J.



Sylvia Kuska, husky 15-year-old from Berkeley, Calif., upset Shelley Mann in punishing 400-yard individual medley in 5:14.9 at national AAU indoor meet in Daytona Beach, shattered own U.S. record at week earlier.

FOR THE RECORD

BASISBALL

(Greatest Current Results)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Cleveland	N Y (5)	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0	Phi	2-4-4-2
W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
2 N Y	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
3 Boston	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
4 Chicago	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
5 Kansas City	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
6 Wash.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
7 Detroit	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
8 Baltimore	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
9 Oakland	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
10 Toronto	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0

NATIONAL LEAGUE

St. Louis	Chi (4)	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0	Phi	2-4-4-2
W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
2 Phil.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
3 N.Y.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
4 Milw.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
5 Atl.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
6 Pitt.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
7 Phil.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
8 Chi.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
9 San. P.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0
10 C. O.	W 17, L 12	Phi	2-4-4-2	W 17, L 12	14-3-0-3-0



OPEN ROAD draws motorcycleists from nine nations to Gold Cup at Imola, Italy.



OMINOUS MARTINEZ, right cocked, looms over rope-draped Diaz in Florida.



Robert Winthrop, New York sportsman and businessman, was re-elected president of Ducks Unlimited in Kansas City as trustees voted to spend \$500,000 in 1956 for work on "duck factories" in Canadian prairie provinces.

SACRIFICE

FINN HIGBERG Delmar, near Joe Alston 10-11, 15 & U.S. open men's title Philadelphia
JUDY DENLIN Baltimore over Margaret Varner, 12 10 81 & U.S. open women's title Philadelphia

BOXING

PAY BLUTH and **DICK WEBER** Nat'l Doubles Tennis championships with 10-912 pairs, Pittsburgh

BOXING

DAVEY GALLARDI 3-round TKO over G4 Cofala, Featherweights, San Francisco

HORSE RACING

COUNT DUC \$25,000 Biscayne Bay Park, 3 1/16 m., by 1/2 length, in 1:42 2/5, Goldsboro Pa., Via Steve Bredas up
NAVCE S LAD \$22,700 Pausanek Kentucky & I., by 3/4 length, in 1:41 3/5 Jamaica N.Y. John Chappelle up
READ MAN \$21,650 Experimental Free Handicap & I. by neck in 1:11 2/5, Jamaica, N.Y. Eddie Arzoo up

HUNT RACING

REACHO Crop Pot Hunt Cup, 3 m., by 12 lengths, in 8:42 2/5 Woodward, Va. Pat Smedbeck up

POLO

BUNTING L.I. over Jay Farms, Whiteside 9 & nat'l jr. 12 goal indoor championship, New York

SKIING

(U.S. Nat'l championships, Squaw Valley, Calif.)
BILL WOODS, Waterville, Vt. 1st in downhill, sec. and 4th in slalom to win men's combined title
RENE COX, Port Leyden, N.Y. 1st in downhill, sec. and 4th in slalom to win women's combined title

SPED SKATING

NON LEBEL, Lake Placid, N.Y., U.S. or men's indoor championship with 13 pts. New York
WICKEY FINCH, Boston Park, N.Y. U.S. or women's indoor championship with 14 pts. New York

TABLE TENNIS

JAPAN Everything Cup—No men's world team title, with 7-0 record Tokyo
FINLAND Collettian Cup for women's world team title with 3-0 record, Tokyo

TENNIS

PASCAL GONZALES over Tony Trabert, 6-8, 6-4, 12 10 World Pro Tour Deloitte Gonzales Mats 12 16



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Not a thing. The Duke has never played a better game. He divides his leisure time between golf and gardening and is entirely relaxed when playing. David is not a large man, but he takes a full swing and is precise with his strokes. I wasn't there, but a friend told me he broke 80 the other day.

MRS. GORDON McILINTOCK

U.S. Merchant Marine
Academy
Kings Point, N.Y.



Admiral McIlintock loves the game, but he enjoys working with the midshipmen much more. He takes much of his work to our private quarters. So he tees off only occasionally at the Garden City Golf Club. Consequently, he is a much better navigator than he is a golfer.

MRS. WILLIAM F. HUTTON

Old Westbury, N.Y.



That's obviously intended as a humorous question. Otherwise, why would you ask me and not his golf pro? I'm not devoid of humor, but the question has no humor because there's nothing wrong with his golf. He plays a perfect game. Check his pals at the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

MRS. JOHN ISARD

Samp-Piazza Hotel,
New York



For excellence of play, he's hopeless. That I don't mind. What annoys me is the game itself. It's the only male invention that's succeeded in separating a man from his wife. I wouldn't care if he played purely for beneficial exercise, but I don't like being a golf widow because of the 18th Hole.

MRS. ESTES KEFAUVER

Chattanooga, Tenn.



Estes played football in college. He didn't play golf, the one game that would have been beneficial all his life. I started golf at nine. I occasionally play in the low 80s. Estes can't match my score so he won't play with me. He could have been a great golfer. What a pity!

MRS. VIRGINIA MAYFIELD

Houston, Texas



Nothing. The trouble is with his clubs. They have too much pitch or too little pitch. Or his caddy gives him the wrong club. When playing with others he is gentlemanly and considerate, but when playing with me, his disposition completely changes. He's impatient, saying that I'm overcoached.

MRS. PHILIP T. GROTHING

Madison, Wis.



He overpays the caddies. It's his money, but I'm tired of those sensational shots from the deep woods. Johnny Podres should have an arm like those caddies. He's seldom on the fairway and never has a poor lie to kick about. Caddies do the kicking. I'm not saying he cheats. That's golf—and fun.

MRS. F. WILLIAM (TOPSY) CARR

Corpus Christi, Texas



Bill is a confoundedly good golfer, but he plays too hard at the game. Because he plays so hard at it, he goes all over the country. All I do is stay home, twiddle my fingers and keep the home fires burning. But I'm not complaining. We Texas wives want our husbands to excel in everything.

MRS. NORM BARRY

Chicago, Ill.



It's a dope he's addicted to. He plays constantly, April till November. I hope he can some day lick minor problems like woods sagging when irons are sagging. But when lawn lacks lowering, walk wants watering and wife wishes wooing, his refuge is a talk with the Lord on the subject.

MRS. JOHN D. O'SHEA

Lincolnwood, Ill.



Nothing, except that all summer long he's a stranger. I play golf, too. Our dinner goes to pot until the season is over. I tee off before breakfast and John tees off in the late afternoon. So we do our gossiping in the bathroom between shaving and showers and wave to each other across the fairways.

MRS. ROBERT L. KASHA

Wichita, Kans.



He has every confidence when doing his surgery, but not with golf. When he tees off, the tee is too short, the course too long. Off the tee, the ball is too small; on the green, it's too large. He finishes in a state of muscular confusion. John could solve it by playing the 19th hole—first.

MRS. AVERELL HARRIMAN

Governor's mansion, Albany, N.Y.



My husband doesn't have a golf game. He's not old enough.

NEXT WEEK:

Who will win in your league next year?
(Asked of wives of major league managers.)



Their address this weekend is the Sheraton-Park

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

MISS BARBARA ROMACK, on our cover this week, brings pleasantly to mind the growing role women play in the world of sport. Once man's last preserve, sport is now nearly as coeducational as the dance floor, and many of us run the



daily risk of being outgunned, outbowled, outfished and outsailed—as in ages past in other fields we have been so often just plain outfoxed.

Well, it's delightful. It may be a dismal thought in an Olympic year (and horrifying in any year to a modern sports promoter) that once upon a time the women couldn't even get into the Olympics with a ticket. History has it that in the earliest Olympics women were not only forbidden to participate but not even allowed to watch, under penalty of death. (History adds that, being women, some did and some died.)

But it's all different now. And the part that women have contributed to sport in this century has made sport for the first time a truly family enterprise.

(For a sidelight on this in Illinois, see page 58.) The change, as much as anything, has brought about the present Golden Age of Sport and, more than anything, made it possible for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to become a magazine of sport for the whole family.



As a family magazine, reporting sport's new universal appeal, it's natural to find SI, among other things, becoming a theme for merchants everywhere. All next week, for instance, in Oakland, California, the Greater Downtown Oakland Spring Sports Carnival will take over the center of town, its stores and its Memorial Plaza, in a series of events which includes a sports car parade, a sportswear fashion show, a SPORT IN ART show, a display of outdoor living in the California and family manner, and what the program calls a "covey of real live sports stars giving exhibitions in the Plaza." A cooperative effort of Oakland's leading merchants, the entire venture draws its inspiration from SI.



One of the "real live sports stars" will be California's own Barbara Romack. And that just about brings me back to where I started.

Makes a man feel a little sorry for the early Greeks, who obviously were missing half the fun.

Harry Phillips



"THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!"

...says Gloria De Haven, co-starring in Paramount's *The Girl Rush*, in Vista-Vision and Technicolor. "It's wonderful to see men so well-dressed for hot weather!"

All we've learned about cool suits in 20 years is in Wyndair®. The fine mohair-and-worsted reflects the trend back to natural fibers. It's cool, light, crisp—holds a crease, sheds wrinkles. And Wyndair has Balanced Tailoring for shape-insurance. At your Timely Clothier. For free booklet on dressing tips, write Dept. S-3, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York. "Dress right—you can't afford not to!"

Balanced Tailoring® makes

TIMELY CLOTHES
look better. longer!

**SO
MANY
THOUSANDS
OF PROS
CAN'T
BE WRONG**



In 1955, for the seventh consecutive year, more Pros played Titleist in the major tournaments than any other ball.

For the complete tournament schedule Titleist's lead was a commanding one! — 108% ahead of ball B1 — 120% ahead of ball C! — and 166% ahead of ball D.

And remember, no one is paid to play the Titleist! These Pros play it simply because they find it "the best ball money can buy", and for no other reason.

We suggest you play this most modern of modern balls — for the very same, very good reason.

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GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through
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Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist
best suited to your game

TIP FROM THE TOP



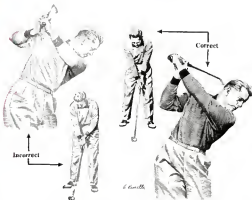
For all golfers except
expert players

from **SHELLEY MAYFIELD**, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, N.Y.

Many average golfers I have watched defeat their purpose at the very beginning of the stroke: they address the ball with their shoulders level, the right raised as high as the left. If you think things over for a moment, you will realize that the left hand grips the club a full hand's length higher along the shaft than the right hand does. With both shoulders level and both arms extended, it follows that if your left arm is extended comfortably, the right will be strained and rigid. This is exactly opposite to what you want in golf: you want a straight left arm and a relaxed right arm.

At address a golfer's right shoulder should hang three or four inches lower than the left. This enables the right arm to be in a relatively relaxed position. In turn, the right elbow, when it is not overextended stiffly at address, will be in a position where it can perform its correct function. On the backswing, the right elbow "folds" close to the body so that, at the top of the backswing, the straight line between the right wrist and the elbow points vertically toward the ground and not horizontally toward the horizon. It is really quite impossible for a golfer to move into the proper hitting position if his right elbow is "floating" incorrectly at the top of the backswing.

One further point. Do not think of the position of address as a nonactive part of the swing. The arms, hands and shoulders naturally seek to return to the approximate position of address when they enter the hitting area.



NEXT WEEK: BABE ZAHARIAS ON WATCHING YOUR SLUGGING

There's a Gay New Sparkle on the Water!



Johnson SEA-HORSES IN

HOLIDAY BRONZE!

Your first glance will tell you — THESE are America's most beautiful outboard motors. They're smart, they gleam — the new bronzed Sea-Horses!

Especially exciting is the Johnson Javelin — a powerful custom motor with concealed controls and smart wrap-around chrome cowling. Electric starting, full gear shift, and remote control make driving easy — just like driving your car. Press the button and 30 horses leap to action to give you the smoothest, quietest, surge of power on the water!

Your Johnson Dealer will show you. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

Free! Write for the new Sea-Horse Booklet describing all the models for 1956. Complete, factual, helpful.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 7800 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
A DIVISION OF BULL AND MARINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough

No Other

OUTBOARD MOTOR IS BUILT
LIKE A JOHNSON SEA-HORSE
AND THE MANUFACTURER WHO
HAS BUILT MORE OUTBOARD
MOTORS THAN ANYONE ELSE
HAS MORE EXPERIENCE IN
BUILDING THEM BETTER THAN'S

Johnson!

9 MODELS — THE JAVELIN 120 hp!
SEA HORSE 30, Electric or Manual
SEA HORSE 15, Electric or Manual
SEA HORSE 12 — SEA HORSE 7½
SEA HORSE 5½ — SEA HORSE 3

NEW CORVETTE'S A QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST!

There's a new "lift" to the new Corvette, and the new lift-off hardtop pictured here is only part of the story. Just for example—there's a brand-new Corvette V8 engine. There are new roll-up windows, a new competition racing steering wheel, a choice of removable hardtop, manual or power-operated snug-fitting fabric top,* plus Powerglide or new Synchro-Mesh transmission. All this—plus full panel instrumentation, the snug, safe comfort of side-by-side bucket seats, new exterior styling, and a beautiful new weather-tight interior that make this the newest, truest sports car made in America—not a re-styled, cut-down convertible. See it—sit in it—drive it! You'll know in a few minutes and miles why the new Corvette's so ready to talk back—to any car—on any track. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*See dealer for prices.

CHEVROLET

CORVETTE



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

CHALLENGE FROM THE EAST • INTERLUDE IN THE WHITE HOUSE • A
GOLFING LADY'S ANSWER TO A LORO • WINOS OFF MT. OLYMPUS • ST.
AGATHA AND SIR AVERY • MORNING AFTER HEADACHE • THE BB ODDS

NEW YORK vs. MOSCOW

WITH world-famed Polo Grounds due to be converted to apartment buildings one of these years, the New York Giants have been scouting for a fresh ball park anywhere from The Bronx to California. Last week the Giants got a handsome offer to stay right in town. The Manhattan borough president, Hulan Jack, outlined preliminary plans for a vast new stadium he hopes to construct—with the assistance of private capital—in the heart of New York's West Side, within a good home run blast by Willie Mays from the Hudson River. The house that Jack wants to build on stilts astraddle a freight yard would cover an area of 2 million square feet, seat 110,000 in triple-decked stands and have parking facilities for 20,000 cars. The cost: \$20 million. The Giants admitted that they were "deeply interested."

But Mr. Jack, who promised to have a citizens' committee discuss the venture with Giant Owner Horace Stoneham before the week was out, was hardly planning to stop there; his dreams are not limited to baseball. Attracting the Army-Navy football game to New York is one of his plans. So is playing host to the next available Olympics.

Mr. Jack and his town will have to move fast. The 1960 Olympics have already been awarded to Rome, and the 1964 Olympics, at the moment, are heading toward any one of half a dozen great cities long at work to lure the event their way, cities like Detroit and Tokyo and Mexico City—and Moscow. To see how serious they are, one has to look no further than page 24 of this issue: construction of the magnificent 100,000-seat stadium in Moscow is already well under way and is only one part of a Russian super sport center which covers 334 acres—an area

sufficient to cover Mr. Jack's mid-town Manhattan from Times Square and Grand Central Station up to Rockefeller Center, comfortably taking in the Broadway theater district on the side.

If New York or any other city hopes to beat that, it is time to get done with the talking, pick up hammer and shovel and get to work.

AGAINST THE TIDE

ON SATURDAY MORNING, when Ken Venturi held a 66-69 and was four strokes ahead of Cary Middlecoff in the Masters, Calvin Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, called on Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of the United States. Griffith presented Ike with a 1956 American League season pass, good for any game in any of the league's parks, in keeping with a family and baseball tradition begun in 1912, when old Clark Griffith gave

a season pass to William Howard Taft.

Ike and Cal talked for about 20 minutes. Ike asked Cal how many games the club was going to win this year and Cal hedged. "More this year," he said, "than last." He struck a note of hope by observing that there were several young ballplayers on the club and that "by May the boys will be acclimated and we should know how we'll do."

The President said it was important for young people to get into sports and mentioned his own interest in the subject. That brought them to Little League ball.

It was fairly desultory talk, because on Saturday morning the minds of most sportsmen were turned briefly away from the mysteries of the coming baseball season to the more immediate mysteries of golf in Augusta, Ga. And, as sure as a six-inch putt, that's the way the preoccupied conversation in

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Sail pulling from the exertions of his fourth sub-four-minute mile (3:38.6), Australian John Landy started admiring Melbourne crowd with a statement that he thought his best Olympic distance might be 5,000 meters instead of 1,500. "I shall enter both, however," he added, and trotted off for a weekend of chasing butterflies.

While U.S. tennis officials continued to shuffle and reshuffle prospects for the 1956 Davis Cup team without solving anything, a visitor from Australia dropped a few foreboding names: Hoad, Rosewall, Fraser, Cooper, Anderson, Emerson. "They will give Americans," said Donald Ferguson, president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, "rugged competition."

It's tune-up time for entries in the Indianapolis "500," and two famous teams which haven't had much luck are preparing to try again. The Novi V-8 Specials, unsuccessful in eight attempts, will be back—this

time with rear drives, Italy's Ferrari, unseen at the brickyard since the dismal showing four years ago, unveiled a car specially built for Indianapolis.

While other track enthusiasts were looking forward to June and some stirring duels in the longer distances, followers of the sport's most rapid runners had eyes for only one meet: the Drake Relays, April 27-28. It is then that Bobby Morrow, Jim Girdley and Dave Sime may get together for the greatest sprint test since the days of Jesse Owens, Ralph Metcalfe and Frank Wycoff.

With Avery Brundage still "honestly concerned" over their ability to handle the 1960 Winter Olympic Games in a "first-class way," the determined sponsors of Squaw Valley got the additional \$4 million they needed from the California legislature, prepared to go ahead with plans "to stage the Winter Olympics better than they have ever been staged before."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

the White House turned. The baseball man and the golfer President wound up talking about golf.

THE LITTLE TIGER

NOT ALL championship golf is played in the vortex of public excitement that whirled around the Masters (see page 28) and the other classic events on the male calendar. Topflight women amateurs such as Barbara Romack, who decorates this week's cover, often carry on their rivalries with little but the tall trees and the singing birds crowding the fairways and watching.

When Barbara Romack and her six teammates set sail across the Atlantic in late May to defend the Curtis Cup



in the biennial series with the British women's team, they will hardly be more conspicuous than any other group heading for a close look at the English greensward. Each will have to abandon her normal routine for the best part of a month—Cord Pat Lesser, the National Amateur Champion, will be absent from her studies at Seattle University; Polly Riley will leave her job as assistant to a division manager at the Convair airplane plant in Fort Worth; Jane Nelson will take a furlough from schoolteaching in Indianapolis; and so on. Of them all, none is more earnest about her work, and her golf, than pretty Barbara, who must put aside her new life insurance business for awhile.

This can be the year of crisis in Barbara's golfing career—the season in which she discovers, at the ripening age of 23, whether she can recapture the 1954 form that made her the most promising woman amateur in some years. That was when she won the California State and the U.S. Amateur. But last year, when she was just on the verge of becoming an international sports celebrity, she failed to win a major tournament. Thinking it over on a practice tee at Sacramento, Calif. last week, Barbara lazily swung her four-iron and told SI's Dick Pollard: "I couldn't get a putt down when I needed it. I know how to putt, so there was nothing I could do about this fault. It was just between me and God and the greens, and we didn't get together."

Barbara thereupon spanked a practice ball 150 yards down the fairway. "After last year's National Amateur I came home and made a vow not to pick up a club until I really felt like it. I'd lost the zest for golf. I didn't play for four or five months. Then I went to the Crosby [the Bing Crosby pro-amateur tournament]. I've been a little tiger ever since."

Unlike most of her famous predecessors in the amateur echelons, Barbara snubs the thought of converting her golfing talent into income. "I'll never turn pro, and I'll never quit playing," she insists. "I don't like the forced traveling the pros have to do. I like to leave my game on the course and have fun afterward. And I don't want to lose my love for the game by making a living out of it." That is where her job as a life insurance saleswoman is such a help. It keeps her in clubs and Pontiacs and plenty of smart clothes.

Right now Barbara is pondering her wardrobe for the boat trip to England. "You have to dress formally every night, and I don't want to wear the same thing."

Somehow, Barbara's plans bring to mind, by contrast, an essay on women's golf written by Britain's Lord Wellwood back in 1890. Wrote his lordship: "We venture to suggest 70 or 80 yards as the average limit of a drive . . . not because we doubt a lady's power to make a longer drive, but because that cannot well be done without raising the club above the shoulder. Now, we do not presume to dictate, but we must observe that the posture and gesture requisite for a full swing are not particularly graceful when a player is clad in female dress."

Obviously, his lordship had no reason to anticipate anything quite like Barbara, the clothes she wears and the

way she cocks her club before belting a drive 220 yards down the middle.

FORECASTS AND PHILOSOPHIES

THE MELBOURNE OLYMPICS are still several months away but forecast and argumentative heat about them crowded even the baseball headlines last week.

Item: Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland proposed a weird solution to the threat of Russia's state-subsidized competition at Melbourne. "We should do everything humanly possible to ban Russia and her barbaric goon squads from the 1956 Summer Games," he said. "These unprincipled disciples of the devil walked all over our youth at the Winter Olympics. . . . If American Olympic officials fail to protest the participation of the Russians . . . they will have automatically branded themselves as rank hypocrites." Senator Butler's analysis seemed to assume Russian "victory" at Melbourne and U.S. "defeat," yet—

Item: Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, perhaps the most celebrated of Iron Curtain athletes, announced his guess as to the over-all winner at Melbourne—"the United States followed by Russia." Zatopek added that the United States would "of course" defeat the Russians if a dual meet were held. "American athletes are the best in the world," he said, "and they would be even better if more recruiting was carried on among American youngsters."

Item: Avery Brundage chose a text of his own—one that placed him considerably closer to Zatopek than to Senator Butler. Since, in the Brundage philosophy of sport, athletes and not nations "win" the Olympics, he was not overly concerned with the prospect of the U.S. "losing." "No country has better material than the United States," said Brundage. "No country has better facilities, no country has better coaches, and there is no reason why our athletes should not win if they are willing to apply themselves, work hard and make the sacrifices that are necessary for victory."

Ban the Russians from the Olympic Games? Brundage approaches such a question with old-fashioned missionary zeal based on old-fashioned American confidence in the strength of American products—whether in pig iron or ideas: "For 60 years . . . the International Olympic Committee has been preaching the tremendous value of national programs of physical education and competitive sport to any country, in building stronger and healthier boys



LAST LEG

*They should have won the relay race,
With runners liker, lonker,
The trouble was, their anchor was
Forgot to hoist his anchor.*

—RICHARD ARMOUR

and girls and making better citizens. Communist countries have adopted this idea enthusiastically. (Their motives will not be analyzed here. . . .) Moreover, "In Communist countries, sport provides an outlet, and sometimes the only outlet, for natural competitive instincts. . . ."

"It is not the strength of other people that in the United States need fear. It is our national complacency and the softness in life, brought on by too much prosperity. If Russian success in the Olympic Games arouses us, and the rest of the world, to correct our own weaknesses and shortcomings it will serve a very useful purpose."

SAINT AND SINNERS

A MAN LIKE Avery Brundage (see above), who often finds himself on the unpopular side of an argument, sometimes seems fated to be misunderstood. Moreover, for such men even applause can carry slightly ominous overtones.

So it was, last week, when the Republic of San Marino conferred upon Brundage a knighthood in the equestrian Order of St. Agatha, which entitles him to a military salute in San Marino. Brundage was pleased. He recalled that a couple of years ago San Marino invited him to be honorary

president of its philately society. "They are great stamp collectors," he says.

They are also great admirers of St. Agatha, and rightly so. Had it not been for her there would be no Republic of San Marino. It would have survived as just another little wine, cattle and stone-producing community in the heart of Italy. St. Agatha lived in the third century, was martyred in Catania, Sicily in 251. You will ask why a Sicilian should be a patroness of San Marino. Here is why:

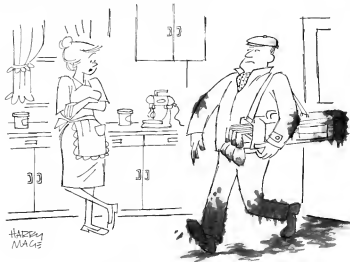
In 1739 the papal troops of Cardinal Alberoni entered San Marino with the conniving aid of a parish priest, and San Marino lost its independence. But only for three days. The Sanmarinese rose in arms and threw out the papal troops. The date of expulsion was February 5, which is dedicated to St. Agatha. And so, in memory of the event which restored the Republic, on every St. Agatha's Day the parish priest of Serravalle—parochial successor of the conniving priest—must carry a heavy picture of St. Agatha 10 miles uphill to the top of San Marino. Behind the burdened priest the people follow, singing the praises of St. Agatha and shouting epithets at him. No one may help the priest if he stumbles. The worst insult anyone can hurl at a Sanmarinese is "You helper of the priest on St. Agatha's Day!"

St. Agatha, like Sir Avery, was much abused but stuck to her principles. She was a beautiful and wealthy Christian girl and a staunch opponent of the pagan King Quintianus, who sought to force her to recant and to take over her wealth for himself. He tempted her with presents and flatteries but "she rejected all with disdain." He then turned her over to a courtesan, saying, "Subdue this damsel to my will and I will give ye great riches." After 33 days the courtesan quit. Quintianus had Agatha bound and beaten with rods, then flung on a bed of hot coals.

Nothing so dreadful as Agatha's trials has yet happened to Sir Avery, but he might consider. San Marino is now a tiny Communist island in a democratic sea. Its people still honor the Christian saint, to be sure, and the order is based on her illustrious staunchness. But it is conferred by Communists wearing the Christian mask to their own purposes. St. Agatha is being used. Is Sir Avery?

"I'll accept, naturally," Brundage says. "They're very active in sports, you know. They support very good sports programs in their schools, give a lot of money for it. This award to me is in a sense a tribute to international sports. There's no importance attached to the fact that San Marino

continued on next page



"Well, it is a little too muddy for gardening, isn't it?"

is a Communist country as far as I'm concerned."

All right, Sir Avery, but be prepared to defend yourself at all times.

TEA FOR TWO

IN THE COURSE of his visit to Russia for a report on Moscow's burgeoning sports program (see page 24), Horace Sutton paid a call on the former weight lifter who is now Vice-Chairman of Sports and Physical Culture of the Council of Ministers of the USSR, one Mikhail Mikhailovich Pislak. Over a glass of tea in Pislak's office, the two



exchanged cigarettes (Parliaments for pepiros) and sports magazines (SI for *Physical Culture & Sports*).

Minister Pislak gave his estimate of Russia's Olympic prospects: "We will be better in Melbourne than we were in Helsinki. There has been some improvement in track and field. We're getting better in rowing and weight lifting and we haven't lost our position in gymnastics. We are better in fencing and shooting but we are still weak in swimming." Then came a surprise. Since it was first included in the Olympic program in 1904, Russia has never won a gold medal in boxing. This year, they hope to. Their top candidate: Richardas Yushkenas, a 238-pound, 24-year-old Lithuanian, currently the USSR's heavyweight champion.

With Parliament and pepiro smoke hanging overhead in a coexisting cloud and good will firmly established, Sutton ventured to ask if the minister would match Yushkenas "with our own champion, Rocky Marciano."

The answer came after a short pause for propaganda identification: "We have no professional athletes. Therefore, the match would be impossible."

COFFEE IN THE HAY

THERE IS NOTHING like a good cup of coffee, many people brightly say, but it is a stimulant forbidden to race horses. Shortly after Morning After, a Maryland 3-year-old, won the first race of his brief life last month the Maryland Racing Commission had a puzzle on its hands. How did Morning After, who can't cook well enough to

boil water, get caffeine into his system?

At a hearing which resulted in a six months' suspension for Trainer James McGee there were explanations of uncertain plausibility. Why, before that race, said Owner Gough W. Thompson, there was "a convention of coffee drinkers at the barn," as would be natural on a chill, rainy day. It was entirely possible, the defense contended, that someone had spilled coffee into Morning After's drinking bucket. And, Thompson said, Morning After, a superior mudder and consensus favorite, went off at \$2.20—too low a price to inspire chicanery. What's more, he said, if you want to dope a horse give him something substantial, like cocaine. "Giving him caffeine," Mr. Thompson brooded, "would be like giving milk to a man who needs a shot of gin."

There was no suspicion of Owner Thompson and there was no effort to prove that Trainer McGee had anything to do with the caffeine. McGee, who was up against this caffeine business once before in 1945, was suspended only because he had not guarded the horse well enough to prevent the ingestion of caffeine whether by accident or not. McGee has asked the courts to revoke the suspension.

Dr. John A. Hierculson, commission chemist, said it would be a perfectly simple matter for a horse to pick up drugs by nibbling around in dirty

straw. Once he had a case of a horse, a nonemoker, who continually showed nicotine in his tests. It turned out that his trainer was a constant tobacco chewer and a careless spitter.

Well, Morning After, caffeine-free this time, ran again at Bowie the other day. He won by four and a half lengths and paid \$9.20. And a racing reporter, wandering into the receiving barn a few days before the race, found it dirty, relatively unguarded (no one knew who he was and no one asked) and crowded with people smoking, chewing tobacco and drinking coffee.

PENNANT ODDS

INTO the welter of expert and amateur guesswork on the pennant races each spring comes the chill voice of the odds makers, unsentimental characters in Las Vegas and elsewhere who set preseason betting odds. The latest Las Vegas line:

NATIONAL		AMERICAN	
Dodgers	Even	Yankees	11-10
Braves	5-2	Indians	2-1
Giants	10-1	Red Sox	6-1
Cardinals	20-1	White Sox	9-1
Phillies	30-1	Tigers	30-1
Redlegs	40-1	Athletics	50-1
Cubs	100-1	Orioles	100-1
Pirates	100-1	Senators	100-1

For the record, the 1955 Las Vegas line picked the Giants and Indians.

SPECTACLE

AGES OF BASEBALL

Raw rookies, stars in their prime, veterans heavy
with wisdom—all start fresh with a new season

A man in his time plays many parts, especially if he makes a career of baseball. He begins as the wide-eyed, fresh-faced recruit, occasionally cocky, more often awed by the crowds and the seasoned regulars with whom he now travels on equal terms. All being well, the rookie stays around to become a star himself, eventually carrying the burden as lightly as he signs a breakfast food testimonial. If he is more than a mere athlete, if he shows a talent for handling people, pitchers and perplexities, then he stays on to coach and perhaps to manage a rising generation of rookies destined to go through the same process. Mark Kauffman caught all stages of this process as baseball's cast of characters waited in the wings for the 1956 season's opening. An old campaigner, manager Bucky Harris of the Tigers, is shown on the bench with two of his rookies on the page opposite, and on the pages following are other studies by Kauffman of the look of rookie, star and veteran.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





**ROOKIE'S BIG GRIN
OF ANTICIPATION**

Jack Brandt had reason to smile as the St. Louis Cardinals headed north after their spring training in Florida. Frank Lane, the club's general manager, announced that the

International League's rookie of the year in 1955 had been purchased from Rochester and that the young outfielder would be carried on the Cardinals' 1956 roster.

**OLD PRO'S BIG CHAW
OF TOBACCO**

Rocky Bridges, wily infielder of the Cincinnati Reds, could chew contentedly as his club prepared for the opening of the season. Capable of doing almost any job

satisfactorily (he is shown pitching batting practice below), Rocky was secure in the knowledge that there are many times when a team is only as strong as its reserves.





A SLUGGER'S MIGHTY ARM

This season, as last, the most fearsome sight to be faced by National League pitchers will be the naked menace above. It is, of course, the arm of Ted Kluszewski of Cincinnati. It drove out 47 home runs during 1955 season.



CATCHER'S GNARLED HAND

Three World Series and six All-Star Games helped to twist and batter the fingers (opposite page) of 41-year-old Walker Cooper, now back with the St. Louis Cardinals after playing 10 years with five other big league clubs.





THE OLYMPIAN FIELDS

Here are the plans and details of the colossal new sports center now being built in Russia's capital. It may be the site of the 1964 games

IT TAKES a little more than one fast glance down the Moscow River valley from the escarpment in front of Moscow University's 38-story skyscraper to realize that Russia is not merely out to cop the Olympics in Melbourne in 1956 but that it will make a bid to win them on its own territory in 1964.

As the April thaws dissolve the white satin comforter that has lain over the Lenin Hills and the Luzhniki suburbs since last fall, a vast park of nearly 350 acres splashed with the skeletal forms of the most ambitious sports plant ever built in Russia, in Europe and perhaps in the world is revealed for the first time.

Construction crews aided by volunteer flying squads recruited from the Soviet Union's most famous athletic aggregations are swarming over the developing shapes of a

stadium that will seat 100,000, an open-air swimming pool with seats for 13,200, a small stadium to hold 15,600, and a covered arena that will seat up to 17,000.

Under the melting snows that run down the embankment now to swell the curving Moscow River are the outlines of eight football fields, 30 tennis courts, 17 volleyball courts and 15 basketball courts. Soviet athletes will be able to compete and practice in 24 sports at the same time. A playing area, separate and complete, is being built for children. An international youth athletic festival is on the books for 1957.

But the reason for the immediate rush—the work schedule for the giant project has been pegged at 23 months—is the giant sports show being planned for this July. A mammoth *sportaklad* will bring together some 10,000 of the best



OF MOSCOW

by HORACE SUTTON

athletes culled from the 16 Soviet republics. They will fight it out in a program of 165 matches. The winners, sifted from all-Russia's best sports talent, will have plenty of time to catch a slow boat for Melbourne where the Summer Olympics begin in November.

Soviet athletes in from the far Asiatic provinces, Tartars up from the Kazan, indeed, even sophisticated Muscovites all converging on the sports center for the old collective try this summer, can hardly but be dazzled by this razzle-dazzle sports extravaganza. Above the seats of the main stadium, for instance, will be a circular deflector. The device has been designed to shade the football field during playing hours which vary from month to month. It will also hold 500 floodlights for night football games and

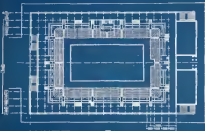
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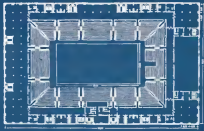
WHAT THE PICTURE SHOWS

In Alexander Leydenfrost's drawing, based on official Soviet drawings and photographs, the view is across the main area of the new sports center toward Moscow. Across the river, linked to the area by a broad avenue, is Moscow University (1), flanked by the Lenin Hills (2). The Moscow River (3) will be widened and channeled. To the left is the swimming stadium (4), at center the main stadium (6), with the stadium for handball and other sports (5) at right. At lower right is the covered gymnasium (7), and scattered over the entire area are football fields, tennis courts, track-meet areas and other facilities together with decorative walks and pools. Moscow itself (8) looms in the distance.

OFFICIAL PLANS OF THE FOUR STADIA



HANDBALL COURT STADIUM also provides for many other sports. Arena measures 264 by 132 feet, with provisions for 200-by-99-foot artificial rink and special entrance for automobiles directly into arena. There are 25 rows of stands, café, snack bars, two large training rooms at the disposal of contestants.



COVERED GYMNASIUM will be one of world's largest. The arena measures 200 by 99 feet and can be used for all kinds of sports events, including ice hockey. Special features are an elevated track and a collapsible platform for concerts, lectures or meetings. The entire gymnasium is air-conditioned throughout.

MOSCOW'S OLYMPIAN FIELDS

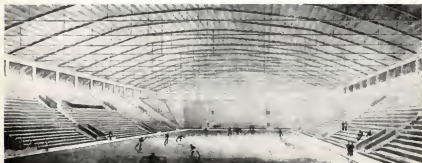
continued from page 25

provide illumination for television and newsreels. Simultaneously it will help protect the arena from strong winds blowing across from the Lenin Hills. As Soviet sports officials point out, a wind velocity of more than 6.5 feet per second would make track records inaccurate.

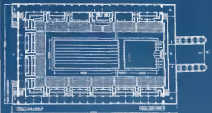
The Russians are trying out a new gimmick in the smaller stadium, too. First-row spectators have been elevated one tier so as not to distract the players. As the Russian magazine *Sporting Games* indicates, "The calm white walls surrounding the arena will further help the players to concentrate on the game." Nor will teams be distracted by warming up on the playing fields. A pair of warmup halls is being built under the stadium. And when the game is done, a player will not merely repair to the showers; he may relax like a tsar, or a quota-meeting worker, in an oversized bathtub with a built-in seat.

A battalion of architects under the direction of Alexander Vlasov, the man who executed a 100-yard dash from New York back to Russia last year after being accused of overdecorating Moscow buildings, has designed a waterfall which will cascade over the outside wall of the swimming-pool stadium. However, they have also thought to install a functional heating system under the pool which will permit water-polo teams to practice seven months a year. A freezing system in the covered arena will permit hockey players to disport themselves in summer. Playing hockey in the frostbite temperatures of a Russian winter never bothered a Russian, but it has severely hampered foreigners. A team from Britain played in the open-air Dynamo Stadium last winter before a crowd of 11,000 who sat in the unprotected stands in a temperature of 26 below. Cognac and wine were sold in the interests of self-preservation, but the situation wasn't serious enough to permit the sale of vodka.

Until now Moscow has never had a big indoor arena.



ARTIFICIAL ICE RINK, SPECTATOR STANDS AND THE GALLERY ABOVE ARE SHOWN IN THIS SOVIET DRAWING OF THE NEW COVERED GYMNASIUM



SWIMMING STADIUM has two pools, one (22 by 25 meters) for diving, another (equivalent to 55 yards) for racing events. Below stands is a heated area for swimmers, with two large gyms, locker rooms, medical rooms and snack bar. It also features small instruction pools and full facilities for training.



MAIN SPORTS STADIUM is designed for year-round use for anything from track meets to mass physical culture. It has a football field in center, a 400-meter (equivalent of 440-yard) track and four track meet areas. Spectators enter on second floor, descend to a circular ramp and thence via 12 staircases to seats.

Indoor events—boxing, for example—are usually staged in the Circus at a time when the troupe is off playing in the hinterlands. When Sonja Henie came barreling into town from Oslo intent on staging her ice show in Moscow, the Circus was busy playing the circus. When Miss Henie suggested requisitioning the Bolshoi Theater, that hallowed gold-and-plush auditorium sacred to the concert and ballet, the Russians were agast.

The new covered stadium, completely air-conditioned, can hold as many as 17,000 spectators, depending on the games, and it will be larger than the Paris Velodrome d'Hiver. A roomy training room can be converted into a meeting room at a moment's notice, and a collapsible platform can be raised in the main hall for mass meetings.

In the Russian athletic scheme, the arena under the stands is not merely a place to decide partisan feelings. The space under the main stadium is being divided into four floors each girded by a circular passageway wide enough to drive an electric car. On the top floor there will be lodgings for 340 competitors as well as a pressroom connected to the press box in the stands. The third floor will house eight gymnasiums, a conference hall for 250, two movie theaters each holding 250, a restaurant for 300, and a café for 300.

The comfort of the Socialist Soviet spectator seems to have become a prime consideration. Five thousand citizens can eat at one time in the restaurants, snack bars, mobile kitchens and local automats. It will be quite an improvement over the situation this winter when I watched youngsters ski along a path to Dynamo Stadium en route to a hockey game, stop to buy snow-dusted, cream-stuffed crullers from a snow-dusted lady vendor. Between halves of the game (played with a ball and curved sticks) between the Sverdlovsk Officers Club and the local Dynamo team, a spectator could stave off hunger with an 81¢ orange or a 90¢ chocolate bar.

In the Luzhniki sports center there will be tonic, too, for the Soviet soul. Bubbling fountains will delight the ear, decorous pools will relieve the eye, leafy trees will shade the brow. Frescoes will decorate the principal buildings and

wide promenades will lead down to the banks of the river.

A spur line of Moscow's famed subway is being extended to accommodate the university and the sports center. The Moscow River will be widened and a higher elevation provided for the park as a protection against spring floods. Boat races will be held on the river and piers are being installed "for the use of visitors in attaching their vessels." Not only will there be free parking for the comrades' yachts, but, says the Soviet architectural journal, "luxurious lawns will serve as a background for the calm and bright outlines of the sports buildings. . . . This," the magazine concludes, "will create a feeling of triumph and glory." With all this new equipment, it would seem that Ivan is at last ready to play for keeps. (END)



CHIEF ARCHITECT Alexander Vlasov (center) looks over an earlier project, the rebuilding of Kiev, with his two assistants.



Virtually born with a spoon (of the golfing variety) in his hand, Venturi has been playing serious golf since 9. Father and mother are both golfing buffs, and recently his father left business to run the golf shop at a San Francisco municipal course. . . . Through high school and San Jose State College Ken's whole life was golf. Won the first of his three S.F. City titles at 17, has also been California State Champion. While still in college, Ken caught the eye of Ed Lowery, big Lincoln-Mercury dealer in San Francisco and member of the executive committee of the U.S. Golf Association. Lowery gave him job as car salesman, which meant he would be one of the promising young amateurs Lowery sponsors. . . . Ken was member of 1932 Americas Cup and 1953 Walker Cup teams, won all his matches. As Walker Cup player he was automatically bid to the 1954 Masters, where he finished 16th. . . . Ken was drafted in 1954 and assigned to Fort Ord, where commanding general, a golf enthusiast who had just built a course at the fort, saw that he got time for practice. Ken spent his last Army year in Austria where he picked up the putter he used so well for three days at Augusta. . . . Last fall he resumed his job with Lowery (he has sold 47 cars since September), and has had time for daily golf as well, including matches with Amateur Champ Harvie Ward, another Lowery salesman-golfer. Until Masters has failed to go under par in only two tournament or exhibition rounds this year (at Phoenix Open where he tied for sixth). Recently has been coached by Byron Nelson, close friend of Lowery's and godfather of Ken's month-old son. Cool and confident, Ken says his big goal this year is U.S. Open title.

AND THEN—JACKIE

That was the story of the last day at Augusta in what will also go down as the Masters Ken Venturi almost won

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE 1956 MASTERS will go down in the books as the tournament won by a smiling, tousle-haired fellow named Jack Burke. It will also go down in the memory of golfers for a long time to come as the Masters that a lanky young amateur named Ken Venturi lost.

For three dazzling days Venturi was within reach of a prize no amateur in the history of the Masters has ever been able to seize. But the Masters is a drama in four acts, not three, and on the fourth day it was exit Ken Venturi and enter Jackie Burke.

It is always too glib to state that any 72-hole tournament is won or lost on any one hole. At the same time, the winning and the losing of the 30th Masters at the Augusta National Golf Club last week was decisively influenced by the way the three men leading the field fared on the 71st. The par-4 17th, which measures exactly 400 yards, requires that the drive be accurately placed between two hefty pines which patrol the "landing area" of the uphill fairway and then demands a skillful approach to the slightly plateaued green, especially when the pin is located, as it was on the final day, some 20 feet directly beyond the forward edge of the bland, white trap that guards the entrance to the green.

Late Sunday afternoon, with the wind still prowling over the course as the fourth and final round wore on, the three leaders came to the 17th—Cary Middlecoff, Jack Burke Jr., Ken Venturi, in that sequence and almost in succession. An hour and a half earlier it appeared that Middlecoff, defending champion and perhaps the finest golfer in the world over the 12 months since that victory, had killed his chances on the front nine of catching young Venturi, who had led the tournament from the opening hole and who carried a four-stroke margin into the final round. On the 5th and 7th holes, Middlecoff had suffered two inexplicable lapses,

four-putting the 5th for a double-bogey 6 and picking up another double bogey on the 7th when he fluffed a comparatively simple little pitch into the trap he was attempting to pitch over. Computing their relative scores through the 7th hole, Cary had trailed Venturi by six shots. When he came to the fateful 17th, however, he was only one shot off the pace at that exact moment, due in a measure to Cary's settling down and in an equal measure to Ken's sudden loss of form after he had made the turn. With the gate still open, Cary mis-hit his approach to the 17th, his chip was feeble, he needed three putts—yet another double bogey. In the final analysis, this did it. He parred the 18th and finished with a total of 291.

INJUNCTION TO A GHOST

Some 10 minutes after Middlecoff had taken his costly 6, Jack Burke, paired with his sidekick Mike Souchak, came to the 17th. One of the most genuinely appealing persons in golf, the son of a professional who tied for second in the 1920 U.S. Open, Jack, the perennial rookie of the year, has for almost a decade been one of the game's most accomplished players, but he had never been able to break through and win a major championship. The 1956 Masters seemed beyond his grasp too. Four shots behind Middlecoff and a full eight behind Venturi at the start of the final round, Jack had played steadily and well if not brilliantly. Unregarded and unwatched, he had ghosted his way, when the leaders faltered, to within a shot of both Venturi and Middlecoff after the 15th hole. He parred the 16th. On the 17th, helped by a big following wind, he swatted a long drive up the hill. He cut his approach with his eight-iron neatly over the trap to some 15 feet from the hole. He sank the putt for a birdie 3. ("I didn't think the ball would reach the cup," he later commented. "That wind

BURKE TOOK CHARGE

just absolutely took that ball in.") Souchak enshrouded Jack in a bear-like embrace and whipped him on: "C'mon, man, They're still making bogeys out here. Let's go." Burke—and for the first time he realized that he could win—managed his par on the 18th and finished with a total of 289.

Some 10 minutes after Burke had made his birdie, Ken Venturi came to the 17th. For the first three days Ken had been practically the whole story. He had played in the event once before, in 1954, the year that Billy Joe Patton almost did the impossible. Ken qualified for an invitation that year on the strength of being a member of the 1953 Walker Cup team. He had tied for 16th, which earned him an automatic invitation to the 1955 Masters, but had been unable to attend. His enforced absence last April and his solid reputation as one of the country's finest young players were the reasons he drew a special invitation this year from the previous winners of the Masters, who annually select one player not otherwise qualified to play in the tournament.

A cool and careful golfer, the slim young man seemed a certain winner when he arrived at the 63rd tee with a six-shot lead over Middlecoff. Then things began to go sour. He went over par on the 9th when he missed a three-footer. He slipped a shot over on the 10th and the 11th, pushing two fairly short putts off line, and he slipped another shot over par on the 12th, the 14th and the 15th, quite unable to recover his concentration and his poise under the pressure. He got his par on the 16th. Jack Burke was just finishing the 18th when Ken came to the 17th, and he knew he needed two pars to tie. His drive was more than adequate. He hit his iron to the green firmly, a little too firmly, considering the strength of the wind behind him. The ball bobbed over the back edge of the green and rolled some seven or eight yards down the bank. It took him 3 to get down. That, in effect, was the tournament. Ken parred the 18th and finished with a total of 290.

Contested under what Bob Jones called "the hardest playing conditions we've ever had in this tournament,"

the 20th Masters was as flavorful as ever, thoroughly exciting and basically unpredictable from start to finish. Here, in summary, is the course it took from day to day:

First Round

The wide Georgia sky was a heavy gray, and a light drizzle (which kept up most of the day) was beginning to fall when Freddy McLeod and Jock Hutchison, traditionally the first pair out, teed off at 10:12 on Thursday morning. Jock, who won the British Open in 1921 and who is now 72, missed a four-footer for his birdie on the long 2nd but rectified matters on the next par 5, the 520-yard 8th, by flicking a wee niblick pitch over a green contour and into the cup for his 4. He made the turn in 42, as did Freddy, who won the U.S. Open in 1908 and is now 74. On the in-nine, Freddy ran into a slew of 6s and finished with a 48 for a 90, but Jock kept right on purring along, adding a 41 for a most respectable 83. With those great old hands of his, Hutchison was carrying the ball about 220 yards on the average off the tees but he was not entirely happy with his driving. "You know what I'm doing, Fred," he said, displacing his economy-sized cigar for a brief moment. "I'm not turning enough going back."

Jock's score, of course, didn't stand up very long. As a matter of fact, it is hard to remember a Masters in which the field collectively scored so low on the opening day. While the drizzle did not make the fairways overly heavy, it did make the greens wonderfully approachable and puttable.

MAD STRETCH IN THE RAIN

Early in the afternoon Doug Ford posted a 2-under-par 70, and shortly afterward Shelley Mayfield came in with a 58 after an extremely well-played if explosive round. This was quite a shot in the arm to Mayfield's fans, for Shelley annually experiences a lot of trouble in getting off on the right foot in this tournament, an affliction Gene Littler also suffers from. Partnered with Henry Cotton (who looked about as British as mom's apple pie in a blue baseball-type cap), Gene, after a

continued on next page

SUNDAY'S WINNER JACK BURKE JR.



Like Venturi, John Joseph Burke Jr. (Jackie to the public, Jack to his friends) has been a golfer since age of 7. When only 12 he shot a 69, first qualified for U.S. Open at 16, turned pro at 19. Now 33, his youthful appearance earned him Bob Hope's gag, "The pro at Boy's Town," although his real home club is big Concord Hotel in New York's Cutskills ... Until he won Masters, his first major championship, Burke seemed in danger of developing chronic runner-uptis, not having won a tournament since Inverness in Toledo in 1953. "I was beginning to think I'd never win one," he said. "Second place is nice, but it gets awfully tiring after a while" ... After four was years, Jackie returned to golf under wing of Veteran Jimmy Demaret, who had been his father's assistant when Jackie was youngster. Easygoing Demaret tried to teach serious young Jackie to relax. "Jackie always had the shots," says Jimmy, "but he takes his game too seriously. I tried to teach him to slack off a little bit and loosen up." Jimmy also taught Jackie his love for flashy golfing clothes ... Jackie's first big victory was Metropolitan Open in 1949. Then, after long string of seconds, he changed from blade to mallet-type putter in 1952, quickly won four straight on winter circuit and took second in Masters before again assuming also-ran role. However, in three years as Ryder Cup player (1951-53-55) has never been beaten ... Still maintains official residence in Houston, with comely wife Lelene and two small sons, but spends most of year on pro circuit. His \$6,000 winnings at Augusta put him among top earners this year. Like Venturi, his goal is U.S. Open, where his father tied for second in 1920.

MASTERS GOLF

continued from page 29

wobbly 38 out, fought his way home in 35 for a 73, a working figure at least. This was the same score—73—that four other strong contenders had to settle for: Jimmy Demaret, Mike Souchak, Julius Boros and Sam Snead, still a little overweight and undernourished after his season in the sun.

Along with Mayfield's, there were four other sub-70 rounds. Tommy Bolt was 68, holding his poise and everything else in check after suffering through a double bogey on the 9th. Ben Hogan was around in 69—a steady rain of 15 4s and three 3s, a round reminiscent of Jones's classic 66 at Sunningdale which was also devoid of a 5 or a 2. Cary Middlecoff was 67. One under par at the turn, Cary went off on one of his characteristic "mad stretches," birdieing the 11th, then the 13th, then the 14th and then the 15th. Middlecoff must surely be one of the great rain players of all time. "It seems to keep me from thinking too much, when it's wet," he was explaining after his round. "I know I can carry the ball a long way. I know my ball will stop on the greens. I stop being too meticulous. A wet course just seems to clean my mind out."

But the round of the day was the 66 (32-34) compiled by the relaxed and affable Ken Venturi, who has played a great deal of golf with Byron Nelson and whose shotmaking shows it. Ken was off with an incredible rush, four consecutive birdies. He dropped a stroke to par on the 10th and then really set up his round with an eagle 3 on the famous 13th, that 470-yard dogleg where the green is backed by a hillside of red and pink azaleas and fronted by the waters of Rae's Creek. After an only moderately long drive Ken elected to try to carry the creek, smashed a three-wood well onto the green and holed a tough, uphill 20-footer. (When his playing partner, Billy Joe Patton, who was 14 feet from the cup after a magnificent four-iron, then held his putt, the gallery had the rare treat of watching two men both eagle the same hole.) Venturi finished calmly with four pars and a birdie on the 16th and became, with his 66, the first amateur ever to hold the undisputed lead in the Masters after the first round.

Second Round

A gusty wind swept over the course until late in the afternoon. It made the Augusta National a much rougher customer to deal with. Abetted by the intermittent sunshine, the wind dried out

the greens a bit and, though they remained on the slow side as far as putting went, it was no longer prudent to play approach shots boldly for the flag, as most of the players had done with considerable success on the moist first day. And there was always the wind to reckon with.

To cite one extreme example, Bob Rosburg, with the wind stiff in his face, decided he would need a four-iron to hit that long, lean 12th green which runs at a traverse to the tee some 155 yards away. Just as Bob moved into his shot, the wind shut down abruptly and completely, as if someone had pressed a button. The ball, with nothing to fight its way into, flew over the creek before the green, over the green, over the steep bank of rough behind the green, over the fence and out of bounds. The wind then resumed as suddenly as it had stopped. Rosburg stayed with

punchbowl green, some 40 yards short of the pin tucked just about six feet beyond and below the crest of a sizable ridge. Ken was all set to play the shot with a seven-iron. He changed his mind at the last moment, switched to a six-iron, and played a beautiful running chip that just did crawl up to the top of the ridge and had that one turn left that started it trickling down the far side of the ridge—and into the cup.

Far from folding after his bogey on the 11th and 12th, Venturi, back to even par for his round at that point, played his way home, birdie, par, birdie, par, par, birdie—and almost as effortlessly as that. His 69, the lowest of the four sub-par rounds of the day, gave him a halfway total of 135 (equaling the 36-hole mark set by Picard in 1935 and tied by Nelson in 1942). It also gave him a comfortable four-stroke lead over his closest pursuer, Cary Middlecoff.

TOP FINISHERS

Jack Burke Jr.	72	71	75	71	289
Ken Venturi	66	69	75	80	290
Cary Middlecoff	67	72	75	77	291
Sam Snead	73	76	72	71	292
Lloyd Mangrum	72	74	72	74	292
Jerry Barber	71	72	76	75	294
Doug Ford	70	72	75	77	294
Tommy Bolt	68	74	78	76	296
Shelby Mayfield	68	74	80	74	296
Ben Hogan	69	78	74	75	296

his four-iron and this time hit a lovely shot 10 feet from the stick.

The 12th also gave Ken Venturi some bother. His tee shot, a four-iron, finished high up the bank beyond the green, and he had no alternative other than to flick the ball delicately down and accept two putts and a bogey 4. At the time this happened, the mild-eyed, easy-gaited San Franciscan was still leading the field, but he had just previously taken a bogey on the 11th and there was some trepidation among his swelling gallery that the young man might at length be feeling the pressure. He certainly had not up to that point. He had gone out in 34, 2 under par, by dint of some steady, intelligent shotmaking and an exciting eagle 3 on the long, uphill 8th. Venturi began this hole anything but auspiciously, slapping his drive far to the right. It was headed deep into a grove of pines when it hit a tree trunk and ricocheted back onto the fairway. Ken then powdered a big three-wood all the way to the right-hand apron of the

A MUTTERING MONOLOGUE

Venturi has a compact, fairly rhythmic swing but it is only when his hands enter the hitting area that he suddenly becomes a truly impressive golfer. Like his mentor, Nelson, and his colleague, Harvie Ward, he has a solid control of the club at impact and he hits his shots, his irons particularly, with exceptional firmness and style. The excellence of his putting these first two days was somewhat surprising, though. He was not an especially good putter before entering the Army in 1954, and it was the one department of his golf game he was not able to practice during his tour of duty overseas in Austria, there being no putting greens in the town in which he was stationed. In his last big championship, the 1955 British Amateur, his ragged touch on the greens was the deciding factor in the ding-dong third-round match he lost to Billy Joe Patton 1 up.

Concentrating only sporadically, quite unlike Ben Hogan, Ben Hogan needed 78 blows to get around. Sam Snead, muttering an endless monologue of disgust, needed 76. As the old Scotsman said, "It's nae possible but it's a fact." At the halfway mark in the tournament they have dominated for so many years, Snead and Hogan were 14 and 12 strokes, respectively, behind the pace setter.

Third Round

To get back into the battle with Venturi and Middlecoff, the players still within hailing distance of the two leaders were faced on Saturday with the necessity of firing an extremely low round. For the second day in a row, a

twisting wind was abroad, blowing much more fiercely than the day before and forcing the golfers to hunch low over their putts on the particularly exposed greens to avoid being blown off balance. Under these conditions—any man who broke 78 had shot an able round—it was not surprising that no one broke 72, the par for the course, and that only three players equaled it—the veterans Mangrum, Boros and Snead. Mayfield, with an 80, and Bolt, with a 78, were clear out of contention. Ford and Burke got around in 75, but since this was also the score which Venturi and Middlecoff negotiated, the day ended much as it had started; the tournament had apparently resolved itself into a two-man competition, and Venturi was still leading Middlecoff by four strokes.

The focal point of the day, of course, was Middlecoff's pursuit of Venturi. Playing three twosomes behind the cool young amateur, Cary quickly closed the gap between them. Aided by two 15-foot putts that dropped for him, he was out in 35 to Venturi's 40. At this point he had not only caught his man but had moved out in front by a stroke, and it looked for all the world as if Middlecoff might add another stroke or two to his lead before the round was completed. Venturi had been playing much sturdier tee-to-green golf than his score indicated, but he had missed three or four eminently holeable putts going out, including a two-footer on the 8th. His luck, that always important ingredient of good scoring, was not running as well for him as it had been. On the 7th, a shortish par 4 where his tee shot finished at the edge of the rough, the back of his ball ended up knuggled against a pine cone. It was impossible to move the pine cone without moving the ball also. Ken attempted on his approach to cut beneath the cone and then contact the ball, but the shot failed to come off and the ball plopped into a trap before the green. He came out to six feet and then threw his par away by missing that putt.

Venturi proceeded to go five strokes over par when he bogeyed the 11th. Then, when it seemed that the young man had had it, he pulled himself together and began a most remarkable mid-round comeback.

Since Venturi goes about his business with the assured deliberateness of a grizzled relief pitcher, it was rather in character that his surge commenced with a fine bit of judgment: on the 13th, with the pin set in the far right-hand corner, he chose to play his second shot short of the creek. He made

this conservative strategy pay off by pitching to within five feet of the cup with his wedge and holing the putt for his first birdie of the day. He followed this with a birdie on the tough 420-yard 14th, holing from six feet after cracking a great seven-iron approach that actually ran over the corner of the hole. With the wind in his face on the long 15th, he again played his second purposely short of the pond before the green, again pitched up to five feet with his wedge, and holed that one. Ken finished with par, bogey, par, but his brilliant run of three consecutive birdies had altered the whole complexion of his round—and Middlecoff's renewed pursuit. Cary birdied the 11th and matched Venturi's birdie on the 13th, which compensated to a degree for the three strokes he lost to par on

would have done credit to Einstein, Jack Burke, the invisible man in between, quietly made up stroke after stroke, nine strokes in all, on the leader. He had almost completed his fine 71 (35-36, with 29 putts) before either Venturi's gallery or Middlecoff's gallery (or, for that matter, Burke's "gallery") appreciated that Jack was a serious contender, let alone a possible winner.

Of course, it is never an altogether happy occasion when a golfer who has played as handsomely as Venturi did most of the way lets a tournament slide from his hands. The heartening aspect is that in Venturi's case it is not mere persiflage to say he will probably win many important tournaments in the years ahead. He should; he is that good a golfer. And he has the cool



BURKE SMILES over faces of winner Jackie and wife Irene. These expressions

were mirrored in the faces of his fellow pros in one of golf's most popular victories.

the 10th, 12th and 14th. He came to the 18th, that rough finishing hole that is more than 400 yards long and all uphill, needing a 4 for a 73 that would have left him only two shots off Venturi's total. Cary's approach drifted into the trap at the right of the green. He made a fine recovery, his ball coming to rest five feet or so above the cup on this fast, slanting green. He missed that putt and then he missed his two-footer coming back.

So it was a 6 and a 75, not a 4 and a 73, and for all his elegant golf in the wind, Cary's chase had ended precisely where he had begun it: four strokes back.

Fourth Round

While everyone was shuffling between Middlecoff and Venturi and working out arithmetical tables that

concentration one always associates with the foremost golfers.

And if there was one golfer whom it was a pleasure to see walking in the door that had been left open by both Venturi and Middlecoff, it was Jack Burke. The measure of the man, in brief, was the reply he made a few years ago when a friend asked him why he didn't comport himself more like a celebrity-athlete—the life was his for the doing. "That's easy," Jack answered. "I choose to spend a good proportion of my time with my wife and our kids because 20 years from now I'd like to have a few other things in my life than just the joy of being recognized when I walk into a restaurant." The green coat of a Masters champion becomes Jack, and Jack becomes the green coat. (ENR)

*Lexington is a land of fences—solid, strong and high fences.
At Calumet they are clean and white, glistening
in the sun as they twist gracefully around the tulip poplars*

Spring in Kentucky

by WHITNEY TOWER



*Keeneland Race Course, in the heart of
the Thoroughbred country, opens the season this week*

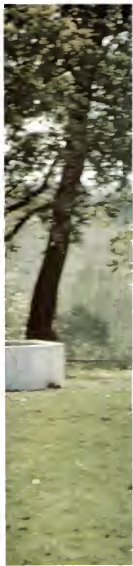
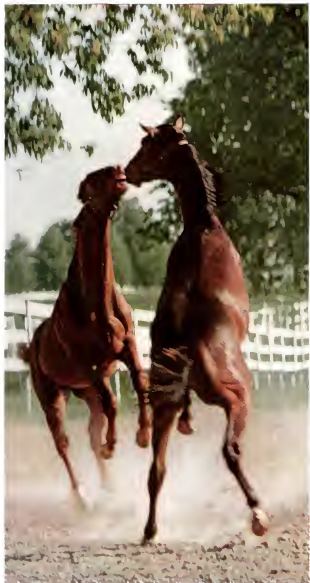
In all of America there are few localities that can match the Bluegrass country of Kentucky for springtime beauty and splendor. Across the rolling sweep of the hills of this rich and magnificent acreage the gentle breezes of spring ripple the length and breadth of carefully nurtured pastures surrounded by romantic dogwood and stately locust and sugar maple trees.

This may be the land of tobacco and whisky, of the last of the authentic Kentucky colonels (see page 41). But it is also the home of the Thoroughbred-race-horse-breeding industry, a business so enormous today that a horse can sell for more than a million dollars.

These days, as they have been for recent weeks, visitors are pouring into the land of the Bluegrass as never before—many as house guests of the owners of such breeding establishments as Calumet Farm, Normandy Farm and Circle M Farm (pictured on the following pages), some moving cheerfully into such well-known Lexington hostleries as the Campbell House, the Lafayette and Phoenix hotels to spend a pleasant week or more on a round of leisurely farm inspections by morning and immersion in the intimate atmosphere of racing at the Keeneland Race Course during the afternoons. Of one thing visitors can be sure: wherever they go in Lexington from now until the Kentucky Derby post-mortems are over next month, the conversation will center around race horses. Experts will discourse on bloodlines, breeding theories and the merits of a new crop of wobbly-legged foals. What looks like a prize crop of yearlings to one breeder is often nothing more than ordinary to his critical neighbor. But at the Keeneland track this week and next, many a Kentucky-bred—including some choice Kentucky Derby candidates—will have a chance to show his wares. And even at the track the visitor to Kentucky is expected to know what it's all about. So much so that the guidance afforded by a public address system during the races has been omitted. But in Lexington this is a convenience nobody seems to miss.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK







Spring in the shadowy gearling paddocks and on the soft pastures

*is an exciting and inspiring time of every year, bringing out the frisky gearlings
to nip and nomp, the breeders to watch and hope for future champions*



Grazing peacefully in a pasture beside an enormous Calumet brood mare barn, a contented

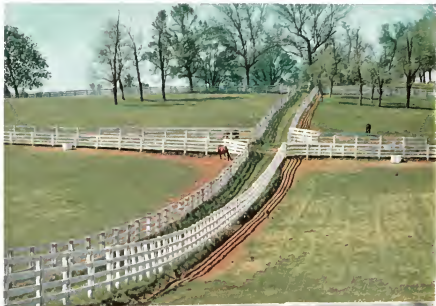


mare remains close by her resting newborn foal, who soon enough will leave her side forever



Lexington has its memories of the past as well as occasions for happy rejoicing. Pink and white daisies surround the quiet Thoroughbreds' graveyard on the C. F. Whitney farm, where rest the remains of such as Whisk Broom II, Regret and Equipoise. Nearby, before a blue-tiled reminder of France (left) at E. Barry Ryan's Normandy Farm, a groom walks leisurely with a young foal. And at Leslie Combs II's Spendthrift Farm (opposite) a post-Derby party meets under the shade of a black locust against the gentle backdrop of a rolling pasture





More sturdy fences create symbolic partitions among the stallion podlocks

at Mrs. Edward S. Moore's Circle M. Farm, once part of Idle Hour, a home of champions

SUBJECT: P. T. CHINN

The lost of the great Kentucky colonels, still in vigorous action at 81, conducts a tour of the Bluegrass country and recalls his own great and gaudy days as a top U.S. horseman

by GERALD HOLLAND

The Kentucky colonel, as an institution, is as dead as Daniel Boone. He flourished in a day long gone and finished with. He moved in a world populated by "fine, game gentlemen" and "lovely, charming, gracious ladies" and servants loyal and true. He rode to hounds and owned a string of race horses and sometimes tucked a .45 caliber revolver in his belt against the chance of a remark casting aspersions on Kentucky womanhood. The stage setting he created for himself survives him: the white fences enclosing the pastures and the broad verandas of the old mansions. But now the stage is occupied by the colonel's modern counterpart: a more efficient fellow but certainly colorless by comparison. However, there is at least one authentic specimen of the old Kentucky colonel around, and what follows is an account of a visit with him.

IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM of the Thoroughbred Club of America on the parlor floor of the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, Philip Thompson Chinn, last of the oldtime Kentucky colonels and certainly the most respectable rasal in the history of horse racing, cut into his steak, peered at it and laid down his knife and fork.

"John," he said to John Smallwood, the waiter, standing by expectantly, "this appears to me to be as fine a piece of sirloin as I've seen in my 81 years upon this earth. But please be good enough to take it back to the kitchen, give my compliments to the chef and ask him to give it a little more fire. Get the idea?"

"Yes, Colonel," said John Smallwood, taking the platter with the air of a man who had acted out the ritual many times before.

"Now then," said Colonel Chinn, easing his big, broad-shouldered frame back into his chair and running a hand through his thinning mane of white hair, "we were talking about great race horses. Well, when you talk about great race horses, you start with Man o' War and put him in a class all by himself and go on from there. Then, if you ask my opinion, I will say that I consider Swaps to be as great a horse as I have ever seen. If he had been a whole horse at Chicago and not a cripple,

I believe he would have beaten Nashua by five lengths."

This highly controversial declaration was received with respect by the others at the table. For in Lexington, Colonel Chinn is considered to be as competent a judge of horseflesh as any man alive and as much an institution of the Bluegrass country as mint juleps and the white fences around the horse farms. He has lived all his years entirely in the world of the Thoroughbreds. His father and his uncle owned Leonatus, the Kentucky Derby winner of 1883. His wife, the late Elsie Ferguson Chinn, was a grandniece of Price McGrath, owner of Aristides, the first Derby winner.

As Colonel Phil grew up, he was a boy jockey, a trainer, a breeder. But he was to make his great reputation as a supersalesman of horses. For years, back in the '20s, he dominated the yearling sales at Saratoga and Keeneland and set records for prices (he got \$70,000 for Hustle On as a yearling) and averages that stood up until the horse boom after World War II.

This day, as he lunched at the Thoroughbred Club, the Colonel was savoring another special occasion. He had agreed to conduct a visitor on a tour of the countryside and reminisce along the way. The notion appealed to him and he had proposed the luncheon as a good way to begin.

Now, John Smallwood, the waiter, re-entered the room and again placed the platter before the Colonel who promptly complimented him not only on the appearance of the steak, but upon his own character and personal integrity as well.

As the luncheon proceeded, the name of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, whose portrait hangs on the wall as one of the Thoroughbred Club's Honor Guests, came up. The Colonel put down his knife and fork and said carefully:

"I can see absolutely no improvement that any man could make in the way Jim Fitzsimmons trains a horse. Or in the way Ben Jones and Preston Burch and Max Hirsch train a horse."

"How about yourself, Colonel," said a guest. "I mean

continued on next page



SHARP-EYED AND DAPPER, COLONEL CHINN WATCHES A "WORK"

when you were training horses like Night Steak and Torchbearer for the big betting races in the old days, I guess that must have been pretty nerve-wracking?"

The Colonel thought a moment, chewing his steak.

"You know," he said after a moment, "I never did care much for steak. The only reason I eat it is that the doctors at Mayo's told me to—for protein, to build up my blood. Now I'll tell you why I quit training excessively. I found myself commencing to sit down heavy."

He looked at his mystified questioner. "That was exactly it, boss," said the Colonel. "I was the big coup trainer, there'd be bets of \$30 and \$40 and \$50,000 on my horses. I'd have a big side bet of my own. Get the idea? Well, one day Torchbearer was running and Earl Sande was riding him. I went to Earl when he was getting on the horse and I said, 'Earl, this horse has human intelligence. He prejudices the start and you have got to be on the alert. He will sense the start coming before you do. Be very careful.' Well, the start came and Torchbearer broke with Earl and threw his feet right out of the stirrups. Earl was hanging on to keep from being thrown entirely. I couldn't tell what in the world was happening. But then Earl managed to right himself and go on to finish second, only got beat by a couple of lengths for all the trouble at the start. But I had \$10,000 straight on that horse, and after the race was over I sat down awful heavy. Now I was a devotee of boxing and I'd noticed that when a boxer came back to his corner and sat down heavy on that stool, he was on the way out. Get the idea? So that day it struck me that the same thing had happened to me. And that's why I quit training for the big betting races."

"Speaking of big betting," a luncheon guest said, "I guess bettors didn't come any bigger than Harry Sinclair, the oil man?"

"Boss," said Colonel Chinn, "Mr. Harry Sinclair bet in stupendous figures. He was a lovely man, a lovely friend of mine. I always advised him when I believed a certain horse would warrant his interest."

"So one time when Minto II was running, I called up his man, name of Wahlberg, and said, 'Kindly tell Mr. Sinclair that I am going to bet \$10,000 on Minto II straight and \$10,000 to place.' Wahlberg said, 'I'll give him

the message, but he's coming to the races today and will look you up.'"

"Well, Mr. Sinclair looked me up and the first thing he said was, 'Colonel, how come you are betting on this horse to place?' I told him that Fitzsimmons has a first class mare in the race and she had won three straight. I said our horse would practically have

A LEXINGTON VIEW

P. T. Chinn did for the horse business in Kentucky what P. T. Barnum did for the circus. It's a moot question as to which came first, the traditional Kentucky cologne carriage or the Colonel himself. Certainly, he was the first of the big-time promoters. He raised private and public selling from a backwoods hunt for a likely racing prospect into a pleasurable experience colored with southern hospitality and plausible stories, all glossing over any flaws in the merchandise.

Colonel Chinn and his contemporaries were first cousins to carnival characters and close kin to circus travelers. They firmly believe their game is the greatest on earth and are anxious to recruit newcomers for the sheer pleasure of their company and so they also may share in the fun.

In the fox and hare world in which the Colonel moved, the pursuer and the pursued often got their roles reversed. But when a great operator like Colonel Chinn himself was taken, he could laugh, shrug and tell with high glee the story of how he had been had.

His principal objects are the game and selling methods which are to him a fascinating, ever-changing end in themselves. His constant aim is the "big coup," with the world a stage set of charming, unassuming gentlemen folk skin in colorfulness to Damon Runyon's Broadway characters.

—MARY JANE GALLAGHER

to break the track record to beat her."

The Colonel took a piece of steak and chewed it slowly.

"Well," he said, "to make a long story short, Minto II did break the track record and won easily. Afterward I was in the bar and Mr. Sinclair stormed in. He was fit to be tied. 'What was the big idea of touting me off that horse, Chinn?' he shouted. I asked him what he meant. 'Why,' he says, 'You steered me off with that place bet of yours! All I had on her was \$25,000 straight! If you hadn't played her down, I would have bet \$500,000'

'Wait a minute, Mr. Sinclair,' I said, 'the race is over, the horse is being cooled out. You can't do anything about it now.'

"He stormed out, mad as a hatter. That ended our very pleasant financial association."

He chuckled. "I remember Al Johnson was always coming to me. 'Colonel,' he'd say, 'don't bother about those kind of fellows. You just let me know when you got a horse ready and old Al will do the betting for both of us'."

Suddenly in the doorway of the dining room there stood a slender, gray-haired woman. She was Miss Florence Elam, the Colonel's secretary from his Phoenix Hotel office across the hall.

"Excuse me, Colonel," she said, "but there's a man at the office who has three tons of straw to sell."

"Thank the man, Miss Elam," said the Colonel, "and tell him no."

"Colonel, he only wants \$15 a ton!"

"Thank the man, Miss Elam," said the Colonel, "and grab all you can get at that price."

"I thought you'd want it!" cried Miss Elam, happily, hurrying away.

"That's a very good price for straw," the Colonel said.

"You're in action all right, Colonel," said a man at the table.

The Colonel turned and beamed at the magic word of the horse world.

"Well, boss," said the Colonel, "I'll tell you something about that, and I don't intend this in the spirit of bragadocio. When I flew out to California in January, I completed arrangements for the disposal of \$100,000 worth of horses." He looked around and nodded his head. "Yes, I am in action, and on the day I feel I'm out of action permanently, that's the day I'll be willing to lie down and croak."

The Colonel pushed his chair back from the table. He reached for his stout walking stick and pulled himself up. "Well," he said, shaking hands all around, "we've got places to go now and things to see." He turned to the waiter who handed him his broad-brimmed Stetson hat. Then he started out, stopping every few steps to exchange a word with fellow club members.

(Meanwhile, in the Colonel's office across the hall, Miss Elam's joy over the bargain in straw was short-lived. A man named T. M. Rose had come in and announced that the Colonel was buying a colt from him. Miss Elam wailed in despair at all that was going on under the colors of Colonel Chinn's Old Hickory Farm, which is a name that covers the 20-acre homestead on the Paris Pike outside Lexington.

ton and three other acreages the Colonel leases for the horses he owns outright or in partnership with others. In addition, there were horses running in California and at New Orleans and Hot Springs—far too much activity, in Miss Elam's view, for a man who should be taking life easy.)

Passing the office on his way to the



A YOUTHFUL COLONEL PHIL visits Churchill Downs with friend William Applegate, Shakespearean scholar and bookie.

elevator, Colonel Chinn glanced in its direction with apprehension. "Miss Elam," he said, "is a most loyal and efficient secretary and a charming and gracious lady. I could not get along without her. But sometimes I suspect that Miss Elam would prefer that I own just one old horse and sit in the sun petting it all day long."

He shuddered. "I've got to be in action or croak?"

At the curb outside the hotel, the Colonel's black Cadillac—a trademark through the years—was waiting for him. At the wheel was Bill Settlemayer who, at 30, had given up his salesman's job and jumped at the chance to drive the Colonel and learn about the horse business from him. Already, under the

continued on next page

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Colonel's guidance, he had become the owner of a 2-year-old filly.

"Bill," said the Colonel, "let's stop and see Willie Meehan for a minute and then we'll drop by Mereworth Farm and say hello to Mr. Wright."

"Yes, sir," said Bill, as the Colonel settled himself up front. "I'm getting that pedigree on my filly, Colonel."

"Good," said the Colonel. "You told them you wanted a selling pedigree, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, Colonel," said Bill.

"That's fine," said the Colonel.

"They'll leave out the weak points then."

The car left the town behind and as it rolled along the highway, Colonel Chinn pointed out a faded barn behind a garage and filling station.

"Domino was once stabled there by his owner, Major B. J. Thomas," he said. "I recall one time, years ago, Mr. Joseph E. Widener had me to lunch. Afterward, he suggested we look at the horses, and when we came to the mare Ormonda, he said, 'I have been wondering what horse to breed her to. Have you any suggestions, Colonel?' Well, sir, I said, 'Boss, when in doubt, breed to a Domino horse. One of our best stallions is Sweep and he has that Domino and Ben Brush cross, you know.' So Mr. Widener bred Ormonda to Sweep and got Dustwhirl. She became the dam of Whirlaway and Reaping Reward."

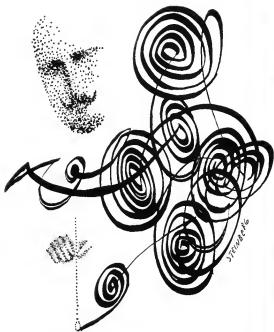
A little later he pointed to a field.

"Man o' War was raised there, hoss."

He chuckled.

"Everybody could have had Man o' War to hear them tell it, but I'll tell you how close I came. There was a fellow named Bob Allen came down here from Iowa. He was a horseman but he wanted to get a job on one of the farms and see how we handled horses in Kentucky. Well, to make a long story short, he was the man who brought Man o' War to the yearling sale at Saratoga and he told me, 'Colonel, this is absolutely the greatest colt I've ever had my hands on.' Well, I saw the colt and I felt the same way. When the bidding started, I was right in there and I was still in there when it got to \$4,000. Now I had a partner at that time and we were accustomed to buying yearlings in the hundreds of dollars or maybe the low thousands. When I got to \$4,000 on Man o' War, this partner of mine started pulling at my coattail. 'Phil,' he whispered in my

continued on page 61



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Floyd Patterson, our most promising heavyweight, is still waiting for his big fight. The big question is:

WHO'S FIGHTIN' WHO?

by MARTIN KANE

THOSE WHO were lucky enough to see the underowned Joe Louis in the prechampionship days of his tawny youth, a fighter whose every move bespoke coming greatness, were privileged to enjoy one of the great satisfactions of sport: following along a budding champion's trail.

Floyd Patterson—perhaps as good as, perhaps better than the young Joe Louis—now stands at the door the Brown Bomber flisted down 20 years ago. Your chance to see him fight any time soon, however, is dimmer than a discarded TV tube unless you happen to live in one of the way stations of boxing—in, say, Kansas City, Missouri or New Britain, Connecticut. It is nine months since Patterson appeared on television and it may be as long before he appears again.

Patterson (31, Jan. 30) has now grown out of the light heavyweight division and into the bulk and contours and punching power of a formidable heavyweight. The other day at Long Pond Inn, on the fog-shrouded shores of Greenwood Lake, N.Y., Patterson weighed 185½ pounds—2½ pounds over what he feels is his best weight—as he fought three unrestricted training rounds with Julio Mederos, the Cuban champion, who is recognized as a great "gymnasium fighter." Mederos had been instructed to knock out Patterson if he could and, though he took these instructions with a twisted grin of great knowingsness, he fought hard and well, better than in many of his ring appearances. With headgear protection and facing Patterson's big training gloves, Julio showed no reluctance to mix.

As a result, Patterson drew gasps from the small audience, and grunts from Mederos, with a thunderous array of punches that boomed off the Cuban's belly, sides and head in flurries of a speed and power that few heavyweights have ever been able to deliver. Patterson's moves were not those of a 21-year-old tyro but of a seasoned professional, skilled and aggressive. He exercised a bull-like strength, easily pushing the heavier Mederos away when he wanted a more advantageous

position. There were none of his old, overeager, amateurish leaps. Instead, he advanced at a fast, insistent shuffle to bring himself into close quarters. Once there, he blocked well with arms and elbows and disclosed the special ability to block a punch and, in the same instant, respond with a crashing right or left of his own. His combinations were fast, timed to a T and ended with the proper finishing snap.

(He has been observing the master,



SERENE CONTENDER Floyd Patterson still confidently awaits crack at title.

Sugar Ray Robinson, also training at the Inn for his Bobo Olson rematch, in the hope of picking up additional moves. "I just watch him when he's sharp, though," says Patterson, apparently fearful of studying anything less than perfection. He has been raised in a hard school. Until recently he was not permitted to train with the protection of headgear because to do so might establish careless habits that would leave him open to severe punishment in actual fighting.)

At the end of the third fast round the bell rang and Trainer Dan Florio yelled "Whoa!" There was a long sigh of admiration and then people began to say, "You should have been here last week. He was a little sharper then." If he was, the razor blade people have desperate competition.

What Floyd Patterson was training for was a Kansas City bout with Alvin (Athos) Williams, a fading musketeer of a light heavyweight who has been little seen outside of Wichita, Topeka and Hays, all of which are in Kansas. Patterson had beaten Williams twice before. And a few weeks ago, in New Britain, Patterson fought an old sparring partner, Jimmy Walls, after which Walls, who had not won a fight since October 1954, was suspended for a lack of aptitude.

These fights have done the reputation of Floyd Patterson no what of good. He has become a kind of young Archie Moore, fighting in the wilderness, with only an occasional wire service paragraph to let the people know that he is still around, still winning, though against very inferior competition. His growth and development as a fighter in recent months are unknown except to a few who have been privileged to see him work out in private.

It is a situation in which fight fans may well feel deprived of their right to see for themselves.

Why haven't they been able to see him?

Well, early in the year Patterson's manager, Gus D'Amato, sat down in a Gramercy Park Hotel room, hard by the gym where Patterson trains when he is in the city. Sitting with him was Billy Brown, match-maker for Madison Square Garden, to discuss the possibility of a TV match in which Patterson would fight, for all to see, the current No. 2 contender, Hurricane Jackson. It is agreed by D'Amato and the Garden (which is to say the International Boxing Club, James D. Norris, President) that Brown offered D'Amato \$4,000, the standard minimum for TV fights, and a percentage of the gate. It is agreed that D'Amato rejected this. (D'Amato argues that such a fight could only be construed as an elimination bout to select an opponent for Champion Rocky Marciano, thus warrants appropriately higher money.) It is agreed that D'Amato demanded \$50,000. It is agreed that Billy Brown shrugged and said he could offer no more than \$4,000.

Normally, these might be considered first-round bargaining gestures. (D'Amato says they were not, that it was the second or third time he had received such a demeaning offer from Brown.) A huffiness developed, and since then D'Amato and the IBC are not speaking to each other, though the IBC insists that if D'Amato wants to drop around it will be happy to discuss more favorable terms with him. And

D'Amato, on his side, concedes that he might scale his \$50,000 demand down a bit. But instead of telling each other these things they speak only to the press, and if it were not that D'Amato's vehement sincerity is obvious one might think that oldtime ballyhoo was at work. D'Amato speaks harshly of Billy Brown and, encountering Managing Director Harry Markson of the IBC on the street, turns his back.

Markson, a quiet, sensible-sounding man who bends an ear to fight managers by day and to Beethoven by night, deposes:

"We consider that Patterson is one of the best fighters in the world and we would like to use him. He's a great young fighter and we would like to make a match or matches for him. But Cus just won't discuss it. He talks about it everywhere but where the match can be made, which is with us."

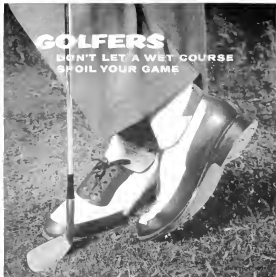
Furthermore, Markson says, Brown is authorized to bargain only for \$4,000 matches.

"When it comes to bigger matches," Markson explains, "Mr. Norris has to do the negotiating. In order to offer more money we often have to go to the sponsor to get it, and only Mr. Norris can do that. On those occasions he presents the situation and if they [the sponsors] agree that the match is big enough to pay so much more money, then it is done."

He contends, however, that Norris cannot go to the sponsors about a Patterson-Jackson fight until he knows D'Amato's actual terms.

To which Cus, his crew filled with what he regards as old injustices at the hands of the IBC, replies that the IBC must now come to him. He declares bitterly that on three occasions in 1954-55 when Patterson fought under IBC auspices it was because Manager Al Weill, not the IBC, selected Patterson as an opponent for members of the Weill stable. Fight managers are often privileged to do this and, D'Amato says, Weill thought his fighters, Joe Gannon and Willie Troy, could handle the inexperienced Patterson because of expected weight difficulties. Gannon lost. Troy was injured, and Jimmy Slade (The Spoiler) was substituted by the Garden. Patterson won a decision. Later, at Weill's insistence, the Troy date was fulfilled. Patterson knocked out Troy in five rounds. When the Garden did give him a date it was against Archie McBride, D'Amato says, and only after six months of almost daily requests. Patterson knocked out McBride in seven rounds. That was last

continued on next page



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WHO'S FIGHTIN' WHO?

(continued from page 47)

July, and since then there have been no IBC appearances for Patterson.

Now, D'Amato says, the IBC must make the next move if it wants Patterson. He believes the situation would be resolved if independent promoters would bid for a Patterson-Jackson fight, but thus far only Jack Hurley of Seattle has expressed interest publicly. Says Hurley: "If they want a good independent promoter not connected with the IBC—and I'm the only one who has been independent of them—I'll match Patterson against anyone, all over the country. I won't have any trouble getting fights for Patterson. Marciano? Why, listen, if I have Patterson I'll have Marciano coming around begging for him. You wait and see."

"Patterson," says D'Amato, "is available to the highest bidder—but such is the power of the IBC that other promoters, other than Hurley, do not dare compete."

"People ask me how I can lick \$200 million [a reference to the fortune Norris supposedly enjoys]. I say Floyd Patterson has to be licked in the ring and there's nobody in the world who can do that. I'll lick \$200 million with Patterson. The public will demand him. If Marciano retires no one will recognize a champion unless he fights Patterson first. [Markson agrees that this is so.] As for Marciano, I knew six months ago that Patterson was ready for him, and he's better now than he was then."

At which Markson looks depressed

and observes that the IBC, as a business organization, would like nothing better than to get Patterson into a ring with Jackson. The IBC would be glad, he says, to pay D'Amato's fare to Miami to discuss better terms with Norris. To which D'Amato replies that the only word he has received on this score was from a person not connected with the IBC.

"I have had no official offer," he repeats, "except the \$4,000 that Billy Brown offered me."

"Where a principle is involved," he adds, "I am very stubborn."

"You can say that again," says Harry Markson.

There the matter rests—in a morbid, feverish sort of way. It appears to be of little concern to Floyd Patterson, the solemn, soft-spoken cause of it all. He is as serene as a man can be who knows he can lick any other man in the world.

A DISTANT DRUM

"I'm ready to fight anybody my manager says I'm ready to fight," he says. "I'll do whatever he thinks best."

Perhaps Floyd hears the throbbing of a distant drum—not a ballyhoo drum in this case but a facsimile. Sooner or later he will have his chance. Payday is coming, as sure as Friday. All that needs to happen now is that Harry Markson pick up a telephone and dial GR 5-9203 (D'Amato's Gramercy Gymnasium & Health Club) or that Gus D'Amato pick up a telephone and dial CI 5-8100 (the International Boxing Club). Will Gus do it first? Will Harry? The suspense is almost unbearable.

END



"Three dollars per round on weekdays, \$5 on Sundays and must be introduced by a member."

Champions can be made as quickly as they can fade, says
the reappointed U.S. Davis Cup captain in an informal

TENNIS TALK

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

IN 1949 Tony Trabert was just a big, gawky boy of 19, fresh off the park clay courts of Cincinnati, who swung at a tennis ball like a woodsman wielding an ax. He wasn't good enough to rate the first 20 in United States rankings. He was 23rd.

The following spring Tony went on the European swing, winding up at Wimbledon. His game steadily sharpened on the anvil of international competition. The next year he ranked third nationally—a jump of 20 notches—and two years later, 1953, he was the best in the United States.

Pancho Gonzales, the lean, swarthy Californian, was ranked 17th in 1947. A year later he was national champion. Ellsworth Vines was not ranked in 1929. In 1930 he was No. 8, and in 1931 he was champion of the world.

I cite these examples to show that the arrival of the great tennis champion often is a sudden thing—a clumsy caterpillar in a cocoon today, a flashy butterfly tomorrow. We should remember these transitions—sometimes quick as an eye-blink—when we start despairing of our Davis Cup chances.

We have named a preliminary Davis Cup squad. It is a squad seasoned with veterans such as Vic Seixas, Art Larsen, Herbie Flam and Ham Richardson and sprinkled with enthusiasm of youngsters like Sam Giammalva, Barry MacKay, Earl Baumgardner and Ron Holmberg.

Properly trained and pushed into grim international play, any one of the kids might develop overnight into another Trabert, Gonzales or Vines. Giammalva came a long way during the last year. How do we know how much further he may be capable of going, given the chance? MacKay's progress has been encouraging. He could become a winner in a flash.

Some are criticizing the makeup of the Davis Cup squad because it includes such as Seixas, Larsen and Flam.

But we need all of this experience to get through the earlier rounds of the Davis Cup competition in order to reach the Challenge Round in Aus-

tralia. It won't be easy and we'll need every bit of strength and savvy at our command. At the same time, I hope that some of the experience wears off on the youngsters and some of the kids' bubbling enthusiasm spills over on the oldtimers.

One factor is strongly in our favor. That is, we have adopted a more realistic attitude about the Davis Cup. We have organized the squad earlier than ever before in our history. We plan a month's "training" program—if not in this country, perhaps in Europe prior to the Wimbledon period. We may not be the best U.S. Davis Cup team ever fielded; at least we hope to be the best prepared.

GONZALES AGAIN

Meanwhile, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association is trying to build up tennis interest with a \$50,000-a-year public relations program. Results already are evident. Jack March, who ran the POC World Pro Tennis Championships at Cleveland, last week reported the biggest crowd ever recorded for the event.

The tournament was run under March's rather revolutionary and controversial rules. Scoring was on a 21-point-per-game basis as in table tennis—with no love-15 and 15-40 counts—and players were limited to one service.

Despite this handicap, Pancho Gonzales who along with Trabert bitterly denounced March's system, proved himself again the world's greatest tennis player by blasting Pancho Segura in the finals 21-15, 13-21, 21-14, 22-20. It was Gonzales' fourth straight pro championship. Trabert and Rex Hartwig outlasted the two Panchos 18-21, 21-11, 21-14, 13-21, 23-21 for the tandem crown, proving the best in singles aren't always the best in doubles.

In the singles semifinals, Segura ousted the newest pro convert, Trabert. As Kramer's plan of things, this just about eliminates Tony from future tours. As Kramer put it, with real regret: "Here is Trabert, close to the best tennis player in the world, and there's not a place in tennis for him." **CHAP**



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CAN THE PORCUPINE THROW ITS QUILLS?

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

WERE YOU TOLD in childhood, as I was told by my elders, that if you came too near a porcupine he might shoot quills at you? And did you wonder, as warily you walked around a porcupine at stone-throwing distance, how he could possibly do it?

Most of our reputable naturalists would curtly answer, "He can't," having long since dismissed quill throwing or shooting as a popular delusion; which might indicate, though one grieves to say it, that when the authorities in any subject thus smile and agree among themselves they cease to observe, and become dogmatists, like the katydid. Witness the following italicized warning, sternly issued in the name of Science: "Porcupines can not shoot their quills, not even for one inch; and the idea that they can—or ever have—is entirely erroneous" (Hornaday, *The American Natural History*).

The first evidence that porcupines can and do throw quills came to me with the dawnlight of a winter morning in the Ontario wilderness. Most unexpectedly it came, with a great surprise, while I was trailing a pack of timber wolves from their fresh kill to their daybed. My purpose was to catch the wary brutes asleep; and he who attempts a stalk that even Indian hunters call impossible (but they are wrong) should have all his faculties centered on just one thing.

On the up-slope of a hardwood ridge one of the pack—a young dog-wolf or he-wolf as it proved—had turned sharply aside, following his keener nose or livelier curiosity to investigate something that did not interest the old she-wolf, mother of the pack and its invariable leader. My whole care now was to locate that solitary wolf. If he got behind me, when his nose might catch a whiff of the man-scent or his ears the click of a snowshoe, he would warn his packmates.

Straight up-wind the dog-wolf led



me to where a porcupine had just been killed and partly eaten by a fisher—a beautifully furred hunter of the weasel tribes called "black cat" by the trapper and "Pennant marten" by the bookman. How he had made the kill without getting a throatful of quills was left untold by the snow, but there was no mystery about what came next; he had opened his game from the under side, which has no protective armor. After gorging himself on warm flesh, he had moved leisurely away to some hidden den among the rocks or, more likely, in a hollow log. At sight of me a pair of moose birds, or Canada

jays, which had been eating tidbits left by the fisher, flitted up to a branch within arm's length, where they twittered a welcome, it seemed, and then dove back to their feast. Even in winter, by the bye, these fearless, gray-clad birds commonly go two by two; and it is characteristic of the solitary fisher that, unlike a fox, he will not sleep in a log if it is open at both ends.

Tracks of the young wolf told how warily he had circled the kill, as if fearful of getting quills in his feet; then with a single sniff at the outgoing fisher trail he trotted off to rejoin his pack. I was turning away, thankful

that the wolves had as yet no suspicion of an enemy on their range, when by chance my eye caught sight of a single quill that stopped me short. Dozens of quills lay in the trampled snow, unnoticed because they had nothing to say; but this one quill was like a signboard telling me something that one ought to heed. There it stood, like a tiny arrow in the butt or target, its point embedded in a snow-erusted stump, at a distance of three or four feet from the nearest footprint.

My first conclusion, that a vagrant breeze might have blown the quill across the untracked snow, was put aside for two convincing reasons. At the time of the kill, as now, the wind was so near stilled that one had to hold up a moistened finger to feel for it; and in such densely forested country, even a gale in the treetops has very little force or direction close to the ground. No, that quill had been thrown point first, and only the porcupine could have thrown it. But how?

On later winter or summer outings I chased, cornered, poked and otherwise bedeviled many a porcupine in the hope of making him show me how quill throwing was done. Possibly by the tension and release of some mysterious skin mechanism, I imagined; and if that appears to you like a wild surmise, remember how the larvae of certain fruit flies, wingless and footless, can hurl themselves bodily through the air with the agility of a cheese hopper. All my inquiries, which were many, proved vain for the simple reason that no wild animal acts naturally when you make him the victim of artificial experiments. It is a lunatic way to measure his wit by first scaring all the wits out of him.

The most puzzling thing about my own futile experiments was that, on my way home, I often found a quill stuck in my clothes or pricking my skin, as if the porcupine had thrown it when I was not looking. So the years passed, and I had almost forgotten my little problem when a porcupine whose dull wits were all in working order gave me the answer, unasked.

The place was a deserted lumber camp near Big Pine Pond in Maine, and if there be anywhere a place more lonely, more repellent, more spooky than an abandoned lumber camp, one has yet to find it. While passing through the desolate yard, hurrying because the hour was late and my camp miles away, I was stopped in my tracks by a subdued whining, followed by a louder scratching as of teeth or claws on wood. These queer sounds

came from a windowless shed or dingle attached to one of the log buildings. Its door had been so hung as to open by a push, and a little off-balance so as to close by its own weight. Some animal or other that had pushed his way into the dingle was now bemoaning his lot, as vainly he tried to slip his way out.

On hearing or sensing my approach the trapped creature ceased his plaint; the dingle became dumb as a stone; the wilderness silence, which in summer is horizon wide, drew in like a tightening noose, as it does when the winter cold becomes intense. Except for a cased fishing rod I had no weapon, and wanted none; but because the unknown in any shape or shapelessness is both challenge and warning, one went rattled, not knowing what bear or skunk or bobcat might be waiting inside, cornered and therefore dangerous.

SEES QUILLS THROWN

Slowly, inch by inch, the door opened half way. More slowly I edged in, only to stand stock still; which is the most surprising thing you can do to a wild animal. At first, with eyes momentarily blinded by the semidarkness, I could see only a dark bulk on the floor, formless, motionless. Cautiously a moccasined foot reached out to touch the thing, and on the instant I was acutely aware of four rather startling sensations—of a snappy motion underfoot, a sharp pain in my ankle, a scratched cheek and a tinkling sound on the roof of cedar splits over my head. Completely mystified now I slammed the door wide open, letting in a flood of light which gave me all the answers.

The dark bulk on the floor was a porcupine, uncommonly large, his head turned away from me, as always he turns it from an enemy. At the touch of my foot he had struck upward with his armored tail, and missed. So quickly that it seemed instantaneously, he struck again sideways, and hit. With the upward flip of his tail one quill grazed my cheek; another stuck in my hat brim, its shaft hanging in front of my nose; three more clung by their barbed tips to the cedar splits, so lightly that a finger touch dislodged them. With the sideways blow a dozen or more quills (not counted) were driven into the tough moccasin leather; and four, as I had good reason to remember when I pulled them out, were more deeply embedded in my tender skin.

Here, beyond any doubt of mine, a porcupine had thrown quills from the dingle floor to its roof, a distance of over six feet. To clinch the matter I

continued on next page



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PORCUPINE

continued from page 51

tapped his nose with the rod case when he started for the door, which made him turn and bristle up again. As my foot reached out a second time he struck at it before I was conscious of touching him. Plainly then my eye caught the insectlike glint of flying quills, and to my ear came a faintly tinkling sound as of sand tossed against the cedar roof. So my question was at last answered: a porcupine throws quills from his tail. Now for the natural and therefore reasonable explanation.

On the back and sides of a porcupine are multitudes of quills which slant backward when he feels at ease, and are hidden under a mop of hair. The upper side of his tail—hairless and flattened like a beaver's tail but much smaller—is completely covered with shorter quills arranged, points outward, in a crisscross or crazy-quilt pattern. Quills of body and tail alike are so lightly attached to the skin that they pull out and begin, by reason of back-slanting barbs, their slow but sure penetration of any mouth or paw or hand that rudely touches them.

All this has long been familiar to naturalists, the two ignored factors being that porcupine armor is frequently renewed, as a growing crab sheds his shell, and that as new quills push up through the skin the old quills loosen and fall out. Evidence of the shedding may be found wherever porcupines assemble. At a time of new quill growth, any flip-up of a porcupine's tail would of a certainty send some of its quills flying. In other words, the old folklore of quill shooting is soundly based upon a natural fact.

Two conditions are necessary if you would see this queer "shooting" for yourself: that the porcupine be under attack by an enemy, and that your whole attention be given to his stubby tail. He climbs a tree for refuge whenever he can; but being slow of wit and clumsy of body, he is often caught on the ground, where his reaction is invariable. Turning back-to, he puts his unprotected head against a tree or rock, or down between his forelegs, and rolls his body into a huge chestnut burr with its myriad points bristled out in all directions. Meanwhile his tail is flattened close to the ground, so quiet, so apparently harmless that no enemy pays any attention to this ready weapon until it hits him.

I was painfully reminded of this ever-ready weapon one day while a small porcupine was eating salt from

my hand. Gently the other hand moved over his back, feeling for unbridled quills, until it reached the rump, when the tail lashed out before I could jerk my exploring hand away. A purely involuntary or reflex blow, I think.

Since then two letters have come to me, one from an experimental laboratory, the other from a woodsman who had a porcupine that he was trying to tame. Each puzzled inquirer wanted to know why, on some mornings, he found fresh quills outside the porcupine's cage of chicken wire. The obvious answer was that during the night some trouble-seeking dog had come near when the porcupine was trying to get out of the cage; either that or else a gusty wind had blown loose wire against him and he struck at it as readily as he had



struck a rolling rock. In either case the flick of his tail would throw a few quills through the wire mesh.

An amusing feature of quill shooting is that it might surprise the porcupine even more than it surprises the many naturalists who have doubted or denied it. He probably does not know that he is using his tail as a sling shot; nor would it help him if he did know. With his back turned and eyes to the ground he cannot aim his quills or even see whither they go. Driven by a muscular tail into soft flesh they strike deep; flung off aimlessly into the air they are practically harmless. My only suggestion to one who would monkey with a porcupine's tail is this: wear tough gloves on your hands and glasses to protect your eyes. **END**

This article and others collected from the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** series of Dr. Long essays will be published in book form by Doubleday & Company, Inc. this June as *The Sport of the Wild*.

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from SI bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

WITHOUT RESERVATION

EVEN the almost 100 year-old Yahnee agreed it was an important day.

With 75 other Shoshone Indians she sat silently in the Soda Springs, Idaho courtroom last week, remembering days when her tribe's domain stretched far beyond the present limits of the reservation near Pocatello. Now she and the others waited for the white man's court to render its verdict; a verdict which would uphold or deny the right of the Shoshone tribe to freely hunt and fish lands it once had owned. And, her faith, like that of all the Shoshone, was placed in the justice of a blind judge, an 88-year-old treaty and the skill of a defense counsel who had championed many an Indian cause.

Wilford L. Broncho, head of the Shoshone tribal council, was the defendant. On October 16, 1954 he had been arrested for killing two deer without a license and off the reservation on unoccupied public land formerly part of the reservation. In local court he had been convicted and fined \$100.

But there was more at stake than a \$100 fine. By the 1868 Fort Bridger Treaty and by a congressionally ratified agreement in 1900, the Shoshone Indians held the right to hunt and fish unlicensed and without regard to game laws, not only on their Fort Hall reservation, but also on any unoccupied public lands which were once within reservation boundaries.

NEEDED: A CLEAR RULING

The Idaho Fish and Game Department, in recent years, had balked at the latter provision. It did after all have responsibility for Idaho wildlife, and the "unoccupied public land" included much of the state. A clear ruling was needed, but it was hard to come by.

Five times conservation officers had made arrests similar to Broncho's. Five times Defense Counsel Ben W. Davis had won acquittals by reading the Shoshone treaty to the nonprecedent setting local court and by citing Article VI of the Constitution which holds U.S. treaties to be the law of the land. Broncho was the state's first conviction

Indians scalp the Idaho Fish and Game Department, Maryland's McKeldin damns a dam and New York's Harri-man moves to tidy up the Beaverkill

and he had appealed. Now in the Soda Springs District Court, a court of record, Idaho would get its clear ruling.

Caribou County Prosecutor Francis J. Rassmussen presented his case. The act admitting Idaho to the Union in 1890, he contended, superseded all previous treaties and the state should have control over hunting and fishing plus power to enforce acts of the state legislature. A similar ruling, he pointed out, had been made in Wyoming.

Defense Counsel Davis presented his case. "Your Honor, I am here to prevent an injustice and to see that these people retain rights granted them by the United States Congress. The State of Idaho must recognize the Fort Bridger Treaty. It is the law of the land."

The trial was two hours old when Judge John A. Carver, a former U.S. district attorney who has been blind since youth and who studied the case in Braille, reversed the conviction of Wilford Broncho, ruling that the Fort Bridger Treaty and congressional ratification still stand and that Shoshone rights thereunder exist unimpaired.



**AN ARDENT ANGLER WETS
A TROUT FLY IN MAINE**



Trout season is under way in some states, and in others fly fishermen are busily sorting tackle in anticipation of their own opening days. Among the latter, perhaps, is President Dwight D. Eisenhower, shown here in some rare informal photographs of the rare

NUNC EST BIBENDUM

by ZUMMERSET ZURGEON

The babbling brook, the rippling rill,
The smiling stream, entice me still,
But yet I find them getting colder
Each time I wade, now that I'm older.

The breakneck banks, the slopes of slime,
The rugged rocks, I used to climb
So easily, but how they differ,
They're mighty steep, now that I'm stiffer.

The stinging sleet, the seorching sun,
The wailing wind, are not much fun,
From each of them in turn I suffer
Now that I am an ancient buffer.

The portly pigs, the chewing cows,
The staring sheep, all make such rows,
Did that glare come from bull or heifer?
I'd better mind, now that I'm deifer.

The kinking knot, the fiddling flies,
The nylon noose, all try my eyes,
In fishing them I once delighted,
They're just plain hell, now I'm short-sighted.

ENVOI

What joy do I still find therein?
I must confess, the nearby inn,
The path to it I'll once more follow,
For that thanks be, I still can swallow.

Courtesy of
The Fishing Gazette (Great Britain)

BEAVERKILL (Cont.)

FORTY days after SI called attention to the deplorable garbage dumps along New York's famed Beaverkill (*The Scandal of the Degenerated Shrine*, SI, Feb. 27) and after years of fruitless efforts on the part of many concerned individuals and organizations, Governor Harriman on April 7 signed a bill introduced by Republican Senator Gilbert Seelye of Saratoga County which forbids the dumping of earth or refuse in any New York trout stream.

FISH BOX

Among noteworthy catches last week: a 51-pound Wahoo caught by Susan Held of Erie, Pennsylvania, fishing out of Nazasa in the Bahamas; a 19 1/2-pound WALLEYED PIKE, within 1/4 pound of the state record, caught at Center Hill Lake near Walling, Tennessee, by Charlton Howard of Chattanooga; an 8-pound RAINBOW TROUT caught by Frank Freeburg of Great Falls, Montana, in the Missouri River near Great Falls on a red-and-white wobbling spoon; a 48 1/2-pound CHANNEL BASS from Oregon inlet, caught by Martin Campanano of Nags Head, North Carolina; a 77-pound TARPON caught by Richard Raitt Jr., of Elmiria, New York near Islamorada, Florida, on spinning tackle and 8-pound test line; a 7-foot 3-inch SAILFISH caught by Dr. M. A. Strowbridge of Toledo, Ohio, on 40-pound test line off Tavernier, Florida; a 54 1/2-pound COBLA caught by Howard Hunter of Milwaukee at Key Shoals 14 miles from Biloxi, Mississippi.

It may come as a stiff shock to the Braves, but the much-respected Milwaukee Journal Consumer Analysis to be released in mid-April will show that 44.8% of Milwaukee men rate fishing as their favorite sport, while less than half that number, 20.8%, elect baseball.

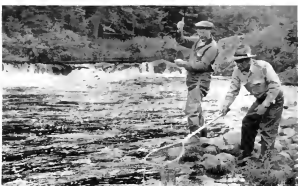
MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

MARYLAND'S Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, a Galahad in

states' rights armor, recently charged full tilt at the United States Army. The challenge is a dam being constructed by the Corps of Engineers at Little Falls on the Potomac River. So far the dammers have no evident intention of including a fishway in the project, and without one the spawning grounds of countless shad, herring, white perch and striped bass will be cut off.

Disputing the Army's contention that it has neither funds nor authorization for a fishway, Governor McKeldin dispatched an ominous, no-nonsense letter to Secretary of the Army Wilber M. Brucker. In addition to claiming the river and all the water in it for Maryland, the Governor warned that "Unless the Corps of Engineers can be persuaded to honor the statutes of Maryland and the acts of Congress regarding a fishway at the falls, this state will be compelled to initiate legal proceedings to force compliance."

continued on next page



moments he enjoys in trout water. At left, his guide Don Cameron of Wilsons Mills helps the President pick the right fly, a Cameron creation tied with a chinchilla hackle, for Little Boy Falls on the Magalloway River in extreme northwest Maine. Next, a left

cast across a fast ripple produces that satisfying swirl and hard strike. Then, a few minutes later, a presidentially hooked square-tail is in the net. Reflected Cameron after his most famous client had departed: "... I never did feel strange with him."

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

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NEW BILLING

IT IS a general belief among salt-water anglers that sailfish, marlin and other billfishes always await bait fish with their bills and then return to gobble up the defunct results at leisure. Hence the drop-back, a sport fishing technique whereby line is free spooled after a strike to give the marlin, or whatever, time to pick up the bait (*Black Tails and Blue Ocean*, SI, March 19).

Recently, however, Dr. Luis Rene Rivas, a University of Miami ichthyologist, announced that the drop-back is a sound practice, but, according to his research, the theory behind it all wrong.

Writing in Progress Report No. 1 of the Charles F. Johnson Billfish Investigation, Dr. Rivas concedes that "When marlin are feeding in a school of bait such as bonito or mackerel they usually rush through the school clubbing several fish with their bills and then return to swallow them." But, Rivas maintains, "When marlin rise to a trolled or skipping bait they very seldom use their bills for clubbing. Careful observations have shown that the fish merely opens its mouth and takes the bait across its jaws. This," Dr. Rivas continues, "is confirmed by the markings found on baits which have been dropped by fish."

Why, then, is the drop-back still a valid and productive angling technique? According to Dr. Rivas, if a victim is longer than the billfish's distended gullet, the billfish invariably juggles it around to swallow the head first. This maneuver may take a bit of time, so whether the angler's bait is clubbed or grabbed he should still drop back before striking.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes); **C**—clear water; **D**—water dirty or oily; **M**—muddy; **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high; **H**—high; **VM**—very high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **WTS**—water temperature; **50° FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FC**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OP**—outlook poor.

TROUT: MINNESOTA: Lake Superior north shore streams beginning to open up and should be fishable this week; all were stocked first few days of season. Several rainbows to four pounds have been taken near mouth of Knife River just north of Duluth and a few to three

pounds reported from the Baptism River. Streams just north of Duluth are high and rocky; rivers north of Two Harbors, Minnesota and through Grand Marais to Canadian border are still unopened with sand-bath snags and bales. Rainbows are believed concentrated in Lake Superior near mouths of streams ready to make spawning run when conditions permit, and run is already under way in no-free streams.

WASHINGTON: Game Department now planting 6 million rainbow trout a year, 15 million in hatcheries, 1 million cutthroat fry and 2 million brook trout fry in lowland lakes. In northwest area 10,000 legal rainbows were in Lake McMurtry, 8,000 in Big Lake, 3,300 in Lake Stevens, 15,000 in Lake Stevens, 10,000 in Lake Samish, 10,000 in a fry plant in Heart. Clear, Silver and Chin lakes now legal size. No April 22 and 23 as nearly 1/3 million anglers are expected to be on opening day of state's largest concentration of fishing at isolated lakes on west side. North end of Lake Washington, open year round, producing good cutthroat fishing for trout, and OG.

PENNSYLVANIA: OVP for most trout waters in state on April 13. In western part of state open good Trout and OG creeks. In east, the V.H. and D. recommend Tomses tributaries Four-Mile Run and Farnsworth Creek, Oil Creek tributaries Thompson and McLoughlin creeks, which should be clear.

ONTARIO: OVP for southern Ontario for April 24 opening in many lakes and streams will still be un-covered.

MICHIGAN: April 14 for rainbow trout in specially designated streams of both peninsulas as late spring breakup is keeping most rivers H and D. In lower peninsula best bets are Betsie and Au river. In upper peninsula access roads to Huron and Two-Hearted rivers are still snow-covered. But Manistee River below Tippy Dam, a favorite early-season spot, is closed due to spawning-netting operations.

CALIFORNIA: After blustery opening weekend, Topo Lake anglers had fair fishing with worms and minnows and OG as weather improves. San Diego County creeks and ponds were restocked with legal fish last week but sport fell sharply after elbow-to-elbow fishing on opening weekend produced surprisingly good results.

NEW JERSEY: High, cold and muddy water opened opening days of the Jersey state-licensed record season planting of 227,000 adult brown, rainbow and brook trout. Fishermen are enjoying recently state-acquired two-mile stretch on the Pequonnock River. High had been privately owned for more than 100 years. In general OP until weather improves and water clears.

MAINE: To qualify for state-sponsored "One That Didn't Get Away" club you'll have to produce a brown trout weighing eight pounds instead of last year's 10-pound minimum. However, a five-pound brookie will qualify this year (last year's minimum was six).

NEW YORK: Catskill mountain spots and Beaverkill, Willowemoc, Schoharie and other area streams won't be worth fishing until about May 10, due to runoff from heavy snow still in woods. There are still two to four feet of snow in Adirondack headwaters and run-off may continue until May 15 in Ausable and other area trout streams. OG April 30.

TARPOON: FLORIDA: Light-tackle expert Jerry Coughlin of Essex Falls, New Jersey, fished out of Islamorada last week with plug casting outfit and 15-pound test line, landed a 130-pound and a 116-pound tarpon after 20-minute battles with each. In same waters Frank Hendrickson of Southold, Long Island, landed 86-pound tarpon on fly rod outfit with 13-pound leader in 14 minutes. In general OF and improving as tarpon begin working up west coast.

TEXAS: Fort Aransas charter boats located several schools of tarpon in between heavy winds from deep water on live bait, including several fish in 12-pound class. In general FF throughout state but run is still desperately needed.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Windy weather and muddy water hampered anglers in coastal waters last week. In several South-Central streams reported many limits of fish over four pounds (up to eight) on spoons and surface plugs fished in shallows near shore.

NORTH CAROLINA: Lewis Newton and Norman Howard of Maryville, Tennessee, set some kind of Pontiac Lake record with string of 12 bass weighing over 10 pounds. Seven of the large-mouthed whoppers weighed four pounds and two weighed over seven. In fresh-water lakes, bays and rivers of northeastern Carolina FVG for largemouths with plugs and spoons fished near surface or at medium depth, and OG.

CALIFORNIA: Hottest spots for largemouth fishing with spoons and plugs are in delta rivers. Santa County and lower Colorado River reservoirs still too early for surface plugs, says agent, but should be in order any day now.

ARIZONA: Best bet for big bass west of Mesquite River is probably Mohave Lake where seven, eight and nine pounders are reported in clear, brushy cove. Big spots with aluminum bait and lure fisher-baiter. Be sure to make weekend reservations for boats or cabins well in advance.

MISSOURI: Lake Wappapelle C. L. FVG with medium deep plugs. Best fishing is in the Holiday landing area on Highway 16 near Greenview and OVG. Lake Norfork SC, VL, but FVG with live bait and deep-running plugs. No large bass were reported last week, but small and medium fish are abundant, and OG.

ILLINOIS: Fly rod fishermen are taking lots of bass in the Illinois River. In the Lacrosse River, Ben Fugh of Iowa, Louisiana, landed a 5 1/2-pounder on a metal vander, and plug fishermen were getting last action last week in Spring Bayou at Markle, Ill. in river. OG.

TEXAS: Dirty conditions last week kept catches down in north and east Texas lakes, with spots at Terrell, Possum Kingdom and Whitney reporting FF/P and OP.

KENTUCKY: Last week's top bass catch was 9 1/2-pound largemouth dredged from Center Hill Lake by Walter Barnes of Winchester, Kentucky, with surface plug. Best smelt-sized catch reported from Dale Hollow was 6 1/2-pounder landed by Porter Wilson of Shelbyville, Kentucky. In general reports from Dale Hollow, Center Hill and Kentucky lakes indicated that fishing this spring will be as good as last season or better.

STEELHEAD: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fishing has slowed everywhere on Vancouver Island and lower mainland. Occasional fresh fish reported from Quilness and Quamash and Vancouver's north shore streams. Salmon River on Vancouver Island had produced some small fish good April fishing, but only hot prospect is Bella Coola River until summer runs begin to show in May.

IDaho: At prestine Wenner River was getting murky but fishing was fair. On Snake River, some fishermen were getting fish at Swan Falls directly below the dam on south side; one of hottest spots is about 40 yards out from entrance to fish ladder, where current is tricky but regenerated steelheads are connecting with hot red-and-white wobblers. FG at mouth of middle fork of Salmon and in Primitive Area; pilots flying into back-country fields are having trouble with deer on runways as Minner Fork headwaters are rising as snow melts. The following landing spots are open in Primitive Area on middle fork: Thomas Creek Landing Field, McCall's Ranch, Mahony Bay and Flynn Ridge. Taylor's Ranch on Big Creek is drying out but creek head tower at Boise before flying in. Indian Creek and Sulphur Creek fields are still snowed in. In general OG for state as weather continues cold and run-off has not started.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: North winds subsided, low water and delta water producing big fish again. San Joaquin River from Buys Five to Santa Clara shoals was hottest spot. For big fish, best bets were Sacramento River at Isleton and Rio Vista Bridge. False River, Suisun, Yuba, Yacoma, catch reports last week was 38-pounder caught by Lloyd Evans of Reno, Nevada, at mouth of Steamboat Slough near Isleton; OVG.

NEW JERSEY: In general bad fishing has been poor along Jersey Coast but Island Beach reports excellent. Barnes of Island Beach reports some fairly good trolling and still fishing in Toms River near town of Toms River.

BONEFISH: BAHAMA ISLANDS: Harvest bonefish reported last week weighed 10 pounds four ounces, was landed at Green Turtle Cay by John Coeclair, Charlottesville, Virginia.

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ALL ON THE ALLEYS

Father, mother, sister, brother are competing in all varieties of leagues from tots to colleges

by VICTOR KALMAN

LEVENSONS OF PARK FOREST BOWL AS A FAMILY

THE low-slung, white-walled, \$550,-000 Park Forest (Ill.) Lanes shown on the following pages was built in August 1954, during a steady, orderly migration of bowling from city business districts to the suburbs. Since then the migration has become a stampede, for what occurred at Park Forest took place throughout the country: bowling boomed as a family sport. This has created a happy situation not only for the businessmen foresighted enough to take bowling to Suburbia, but for municipal authorities who report a sharp decline in juvenile delinquency in those areas where the bowling center has become the community and family center. It is also a happy situation for bowling as a sport, for the stars in the bantam and high school leagues today will compete for the collegiate and professional championships tomorrow.

Typical of family bowling today are the Benjamin Levensons (above) of Park Forest, Ill. Mr. Levenson, director of a home for the aged, has bowled for 25 years. His wife, Diana, and the children started bowling only after Park Forest opened. Now the family gets together on occasional weekends; Mrs. Levenson rolls afternoons when the children are at school, Leslie, 12, and Stephen, aged 9, are in the Bantam League, and 14-year-old Marion competes in a junior league. The three children are among 100,000 members of the American Junior Bowling Congress, an offshoot of the American Bowling Congress, which has 2 million members. Milton Raymer of Chicago, secretary

of the AJBC, estimates there are 400,-000 youngsters aged 5 to 18 who compete regularly at least once a week.

Raymer, a distinguished-looking, gray-haired man of 50, became interested in bowling as a deterrent to juvenile delinquency when he was a teacher at Tilden Tech High School, Chicago, in 1937. That year he started a bowling program with 16 high school students. Within a few years not only his own school but many others joined. By 1954, when the Junior Congress was formally organized with Raymer in charge, a few thousand children were bowling regularly. Today he has several assistants and 100 certified instructors who hold free training clinics in 18 states. Some of the results of his work have been neatly packaged into a film, *Young America Bowls*, which currently is being shown at many public theaters and numerous private clubs. Administrative costs are defrayed by the National Bowling Council, a group composed of representatives of the manufacturers', proprietors', and bowlers' organizations. Children pay 25¢ a year dues, which makes them eligible, among other events, for the National Mailinggraphic Tournament, a handicap contest in which boys and girls roll on their home lanes and mail the results to Raymer. This year's tournament—won, incidentally, by a boys' team from Buffalo, N.Y. and a girls' quintet of McPherson, Kan.—drew 3,745 teams, or 18,725 youngsters.

Perhaps the most significant result of Raymer's spadework was the growth

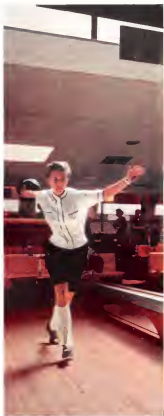
of high school bowling. It has become an accredited course in many schools. This has led to intramural, then interscholastic competition, and it has become necessary to form three separate 12-man leagues and conduct roll-offs for the championship.

College and university leagues, unlike those in high schools, are not generally affiliated with bowling associations. Their members are too old for Raymer's group, whose age limit is 18, and their schedules often are too erratic (because of exams and holidays) to qualify them for regulation ABC play. Many take the game seriously, however, and compete in sectional tournaments, such as the Pacific Coast event held last week at the University of Oregon, the Eastern Intercollegiate at the Bowlmore in New York, and special tournaments at Southern Methodist University and the University of Ohio. More than 200 colleges and universities conduct intramural contests and many student unions have their own alleys. Representatives of the Association of College Unions, in national conference last week at Purdue, attended the grand opening of the university's 14-lane layout, a modern establishment equipped with automatic pin-spotters and under-lane ball returns.

"We get the families," said Ben Karm, co-owner of the Park Forest alleys recently. "The bantams organize and become juniors. We lose them when they go off to college or to work, but first thing you know we get them back again—with their families." (C&G)

ARMY AND DECORATIVE, PARK FOREST ALLEYS TYPIFY BEST IN COMMUNITY BOWLING CENTERS





GRACEFUL APPROACH is executed by 18-year-old Marilee Anson, dental assistant, one of the club's 700 women's league bowlers.



RANTAM LEAGUE bowlers, age 9 to 12, roll with lightweight balls. Here Len Levenson seeks a nine-pounder. Still younger children roll in the tiny-tot leagues.



FAMILY BOWLING is Park Forest's forte. Of 4,500 weekly patrons, 2,000 bowl regularly in leagues and clubs. Bowling has become an integral part of suburban life.

SUBJECT: P. T. CHINN

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car, 'we didn't make ours at these prices.' The spell was broken and I dropped out. Later, Mr. Riddle's man told me he was under orders not to go above \$5,000." He sighed at the memory. "That's the way it goes."

After a while the car stopped, and Bill Settlemayer went into a barn and came out with a weather-beaten little man wearing a cap with the peak turned up. This was Willie Meehan, a former jockey.

"Willie," said the Colonel, "I've decided to sell Atomic Bomb (a 4-year-old colt running in New Orleans), and if you find anybody interested at \$3,000, you're in for \$250."

"Yes, sir, Colonel," replied Willie Meehan, touching his cap.

As the car rolled on, Colonel Chinn began to laugh. "The biggest bunch of horses I ever sold," he said, "was 30,000 artillery and cavalry horses to England, France and Belgium in the First World War. The way that came about, I was racing in England when the war broke out, and one morning I was having breakfast with my friend, Ed Simms, in the Cecil Hotel. I mentioned the fact that I'd like to contact the government about buying horses for them in the United States and he offered to provide me with a letter from our ambassador, Mr. Walter Page. He did, too, but the letter didn't cut any ice with the English bobbies who had all the streets blocked off around 10 Downing Street. I said to myself, 'I better take the Chinn route if I want to get into No. 10.' So I had some fancy cards printed, very dignified, reading 'Colonel Philip T. Chinn, Horseman.' That worked like magic. The bobbies thought I was a big man in the army. Next thing I knew I was passed into No. 10 Downing Street and left standing in a hallway. I opened a door and there were some men at the table inside. They looked around and I recognized Mr. David Lloyd George, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Lord Jellicoe. 'Oh,' I said, 'excuse me, gentlemen, I must have the wrong room here.' They all mumbled something and I backed out. An usher was coming along and I told him who I was and what I was there for. He shooed me into another room and pretty soon another celebrity came in, and he was the man to talk horses. Well, to make a long story short, I eventually got a contract and financial backing. We set up inspection points at Cincinnati, Lexington, Atlanta, Savannah and Galveston and

advertised in the papers. I was handling the situation at Cincinnati and I had trouble with the French and Belgian agents. They wanted a kickback. So I rolled up the equivalent of \$3 a head in copies of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and passed it to them in the hotel lobby and let it be known that that was my top price. I had no further trouble. The British agents were fine. They just wanted horses—no kickbacks."

The Colonel caught his breath. "Oh, yes," he went on, "I used to cross the Atlantic like you'd cross the

MOON AND LILACS

For real racing, the thing to do is to run down to Keeneland. It lasts only 10 days and you will see why, because racing has a social side in Lexington, and 10 days are about all a man of middle age can stand. This tourist's recollections of Keeneland go back to . . . a May morning in 1935 . . . the Thoroughbred Club was having a breakfast there, and when this wanderer stepped through the door the first thing he encountered was what appeared to be a lilac bush. There was a sudden disturbance among the branches and a full moon rose over it, a round, reddish, benevolent moon, wearing spectacles. Closer inspection proved it was Colonel Phil T. Chinn with a mint julep.

—JOE PALMER in *This Was Racing*

street. One time, I remember, I had to get over in a hurry and I didn't have time to get my passport. So I backed up the gangplank, waving and calling to people on the pier, although there wasn't anybody there I knew, and managed to get aboard. A couple of days later the captain sent for me and I tried to beat him to the punch. 'Sir,' I said, 'I wonder if you are acquainted with Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the Secretary of State?' He said he did not know Mr. Bryan, so I said, 'Well, he is a great friend of my father and has been a dinner guest at our home in Harrodsburg, Ky. many times.' The captain was a cold customer. He looked at me and said, 'Colonel Chinn, regardless of your close friendship with Mr. Bryan, you are not going to get off this boat when we get to England.' But he finally let me go ashore long enough to transact my business."

Bill Settlemayer pulled up before Mereworth Farm.

"Bill," said the Colonel, "run in and

continued on next page

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SUBJECT: P. T. CHINN

continued from page 61

ask Mr. Wright if he'll be good enough to step out."

In a moment, Ward Wright of the Mereworth Farm office came out of the house and down the walk.

"Well, Colonel," he cried, "you've certainly come through the winter just fine."

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel. They exchanged further pleasantries for a few moments and then Colonel Chinn said:

"What have you got around here that might interest me?"

"Let me see," said Ward Wright. "Well, Colonel, I believe there's just one 3-year-old colt you might be interested in. You can't fault him because he's never run a race."

"What's the price on him?" asked the Colonel.

"\$2,000," said Ward Wright.

"Pretty steep," said the Colonel.

"Oh, it was \$3,000," said Wright. "But we knocked off a thousand as soon as we heard you were outside."

"Let's go, Bill," chuckled the Colonel, waving goodby.

There was still time for a visit to Calumet Farm. In the office, Colonel Chinn swept off his Stetson before Margaret Glass, secretary of Calumet, bowed and thanked her for the letter she had written him on the occasion of the testimonial dinner. She laughed as he paid her a courtly Kentucky compliment.

He took his companions on a walk through the Calumet stallion barn and pointed with his walking stick as the groom opened up the stalls of Citation and Mark-Ye-Well and Ponder and the great sire, Bull Lea, whose sons and daughters have won more than 150 million.

Now it was dusk. The big black car pointed back toward Lexington.

Next day, another young man was at the wheel of the Colonel's black Cadillac. He was Joe Graves Jr., a young businessman of Lexington still in his 20s, and—like Bill Settlemayer—learning the horse business from the Colonel. But Joe was a senior student and now had horses of his own and several in partnership with the Colonel.

The tour left Old Hickory Farm, where the Colonel breakfasted late on sausage and eggs, biscuits and pear salad, and touched down at Keeneland where Joe and the Colonel looked at his colt, Julep Boy. The Colonel noted ribs showing on the colt and directed Tom Brown, his manager, to call the vet and have some tests run.

Tom opened the stall to bring the colt out for a closer look and Julep Boy reared and backed away.

"Ho," laughed Tom, "he thinks I got medicine for him. Hey, boy, I got no medicine!"

Baker Price, Tom's assistant, elbowed past him. "Let me in there, Tom," he cried. "He knows I don't give him medicine. Let me have him there. Watch him now, he be all right."

'BET ALL YOU CAN'

Colonel Chinn owned and raced some important horses of his own: Sarazen, High Time, Black Maria, Silver Fox II, Bracadele, Calaris, in Memoriam, Time Exposure, among others. During his heyday, in an era gone, never to return, the Colonel scrupulously observed the prevailing code of ethics—which happened to be about the same on the turf as they were in the Wall Street of the robber barons. It was the day when some owners of "hideout horses" would prepare so minutely for a coup, do such zealous "missionary work" among the jockeys that the word would go out to a very few favored associates: "Bet all you can get on!"

Colonel Chinn's specialty was the big buildup for prospective buyers of horses. This included entertaining them royally the night before inspection of the merchandise and then—at least once—the Colonel's early appearance at the training track to move the quarter poles a bit closer together so that a colt would turn in a record-breaking performance by the prospect's own stopwatch.

But that was long ago, and as times changed, the Colonel conformed—perhaps not completely but certainly enough to get a large share of the credit for making Lexington the capital of the horse breeding industry. One night last winter the town demonstrated its appreciation by tendering him a testimonial dinner. There were 250 of the leading citizens on hand, and practically every leading figure in the horse world (including Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey) sent affectionate greetings.

As Baker took the rein, Julep Boy calmed down and was led out.

Tom took the rein and the colt lurched forward.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Baker. "Look at 'im! He's a bullet!"

The Colonel grinned and turned back to the car.

At the Fairgrounds, the Colonel stopped for a look at a 45-day-old bay filly by John's Joy out of Kind Gesture

and descended, on the dam's side, from one of the Colonel's best known horses, High Time (leading U.S. sire in 1928). Somebody asked the Colonel's opinion of the filly.

"I don't pay any attention to foals as such," said the Colonel. "She's got a good mother and a very promising sire. That's what counts."

Joe Graves turned the Cadillac in the direction of Harrodsburg, 35 miles away. The plan was to have dinner there, in the town where the Colonel was born and raised. "We'll get to Beaumont Inn," said the Colonel. "They have some of the best food in Kentucky. We'll have fried chicken and old country ham, if that's agreeable."

Now Joe Graves settled down to the steady, slow speed the Colonel likes. He had agreed to remind the Colonel to tell a few stories about his father.

"Colonel," said Joe, "your father was a truly fabulous man."

"Joe," said the Colonel, "my father, Colonel Jack Chinn, was a hard man, but he was fair. He was kind. Why, no child in Mercer County went without a pair of shoes if he knew about it. Some people got the idea he was a killer. He wasn't a killer. He carried a gun like everybody else. But he never killed anybody. Never shot anybody to my knowledge except my uncle—and that was an accident. My uncle jumped in the way when my father was trying to shoot somebody else. It was only a flesh wound. My uncle recovered."

"Colonel," said Joe, "didn't Irvin Cobb write up the time they had to call out the state militia to disperse your father?"

The Colonel nodded.

"That was true. My father was a Democratic sergeant at arms of the state senate and the election of a Republican governor was being contested. There was a big argument over seating some senators and the upshot was this Republican governor called out the militia to force my father to do things his way. My father sent out word from his hotel, 'I'm coming out. You keep those soldiers on the other side of the street, back 'em on over there now or there'll be trouble.' They backed up and my father walked out and nobody dared lay a hand on him."

"He was truly courageous," said Joe Graves.

"My father had the same attitude when he was officiating as starter for a race. He was in great demand as a starter. He wouldn't pussy-foot around. He'd take a club and shake it under

continued on next page

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SUBJECT: P. T. CHINN

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the notes of the jockeys and tell them, 'You start when I tell you or I'll kill every one of you.' "

Joe Graves waited a while. Finally he turned to the Colonel.

"How about the time you were getting out a book in the betting ring down at Juarez when Pancho Villa was running things in Mexico?"

The Colonel nodded.

"That was a rough meeting for me, Joe," he said. "I'd win maybe \$139 one day and lose \$560 the next. I wasn't getting anywhere. But I did strike up a close friendship with some of the men who were running things for Villa in Chihuahua. One of these men was a former German army officer named Sommerfeld and the other was a fellow named Mac who was part Irish, part Mexican, part Indian and part several other things. This Mac, I believe, was the toughest man I ever met in my life. He had killed, I was told, about 3,500 people—personally. Very rough and tough, but affable. We got to be great friends.

"These friendships proved valuable to me when I backed a certain horse and he won running away like a thief in the night. There were repercussions, so to speak. As a matter of fact, I was suspended pending the outcome of a hearing."

The Colonel drew the back of his hand across his mouth and his big frame shook with silent laughter. With a sidelong glance, he calculated the effect of his tale and then went on:

"Well, I confided my predicament to my friends and they were pretty indignant. 'Why,' Mac said, 'we'll just back Villa's army on in here, take over the track and put you in charge. Then you tell Matt Winn when he can open the gates and when he can't.'"

"I told him I wouldn't want to go quite that far. I said Colonel Matt—he was steward of the meeting—was a decent fellow. But I didn't protest when they said they'd have a man at the hearing.

"Well, the morning of the hearing, 10,000 soldiers marched into town and one of Villa's men, a handsome but ferocious-looking fellow, came to the hearing. Now when I say he came to the hearing I don't mean he knocked on the door and walked in. He broke it down, walked up to the table and said, 'Reinstate!'

"Judge Charlie Price, who was presiding, tried to say something about it being necessary to hear the evidence,

and this big fellow whipped out a Bowie knife and rammed it into the table. 'Reinstate,' he yelled, 'or I'll kill everybody here!' I put up my hand and hollered, 'Hey, this is Chinn speaking! Don't kill me!'

"Judge Price turned white as a sheet and called on Matt Winn for an opinion. Matt got up and said, 'Judge, I do not believe there is a scintilla of evidence against our good friend, Colonel Phil Chinn.' Judge Price banged his hammer and declared the case closed."

The car rolled to a stop in front of the Beaumont Inn in Harrodsburg.

"I believe you dropped about \$38,000 there in Juarez, Colonel," said Joe.

"Thirty-eight five, Joe," said the Colonel, getting out of the car. "I had to talk the hotel into letting me pay my bill after I got back to Kentucky."

A little later, Colonel Chinn was settled at his favorite table in the dining room of the inn (his mother had gone to school in this building which was once known as Daughters College) and signaling for the waiter.

"Yes, Colonel Chinn, sir," said the waiter hurrying over.

"Leon," said Colonel Chinn. "I wonder if you'll be so kind as to take these biscuits back to the kitchen, have them split open and toasted."

"Certainly, Colonel," said Leon, picking up the plate and starting away.

The Colonel began eating his salad.

"I expect Sarazen was about as game a horse as you ever owned, Colonel," said Joe Graves.

"Let me tell you about Sarazen, Joe," said the Colonel. "But I've got to start with High Time. My first dealings with High Time were as trainer for Admiral Cary T. Grayson. The horse was a bleeder. One morning I finally got him to the track for a work and he burned it up. I thought we had a cinch. I planned to work him easily and then drop him into a race before anyone caught on. Well, I did just that and I never saw a horse beat so badly. He led into the stretch and then finished 10th."

"I told Admiral Grayson, Joe," the Colonel went on, pushing away his salad and starting on his chicken and ham. "I said, 'Admiral, please be good enough to take the horse out of my stable. I've got other things to do.' Well, the Admiral agreed and retired High Time to stud."

The waiter placed a plate of toasted biscuits before the Colonel.

"Thank you, Leon," said the Colonel, "and you can remove the batter. I'm not allowed to have any."

"Too bad, Colonel," said Leon.

"Oh, I don't miss it," said the Colonel. "A man can't have everything at my age. I've got all my own teeth. So, Joe, getting back to High Time, that closed the case until some years later, Hiram Steele asked me to go look at two yearlings out at Dr. Marius Johnston's farm. He told me they were by High Time. I said, 'In that case, no thank you.' But I agreed to have a look at them. Well, I did and one look was enough. I went to the house and asked to have Dr. Johnston awakened. He was taking a nap. When he came downstairs in his bathrobe, I asked the price of the two yearlings. 'Colonel,' he said, 'I've had a price of \$2,500 on each of them, but maybe I could shave that.' I said, 'Not at all, Doctor, no need to shave the price at all; \$2,500 is perfectly satisfactory.'"

"And those two yearlings," said Joe, "were Sarazen and Time Exposure."

The Colonel signaled to Leon and nodded to Joe. "Now you're talking, Joe."

"Yes, Colonel!" said Leon.

"Leon," said the Colonel, "take this piece of chicken and credit it to my account and let me have some more ham instead."

"All right, Colonel," said Leon.

"Now, Joe," said the Colonel, "I had to get High Time back to Kentucky. So I succeeded in buying a half interest in him from Admiral Grayson. Later I sold a half of my half to Senator

Joseph W. Bailey of Texas. Then some time later, Admiral Grayson advised me that he was proceeding to California in the private car of Mr. Barney Baruch who would like to see me in Miami later on to discuss High Time. Well, in due course, we met at the Miami Biltmore and the Admiral came right to the point. 'Colonel Chlan,' he said, 'I have reason to believe that I can dispose of my half interest in High Time for approximately \$50,000.'"

Joe Graves whistled.

"I was a little short on change, Joe," said the Colonel, "trimming a piece of ham," but I didn't hesitate a minute. 'Admiral Grayson, sir,' I said, 'you have sold a horse. Now when would you desire payment?' The Admiral replied, 'Take your time, Colonel, take 10 days if you want.'"

"You had to raise \$50,000 in 10 days, Colonel?" asked Joe.

"Correct," said the Colonel. "But I had reason to believe that my good friend, W. T. Anderson, a big operator, one of the great characters of racing, could provide me with half that amount. I sold him Calaris and many another horse. He was in California and so I sent him a wire and said, 'Proceeding to Lexington. Could use \$25,000. Regards.'"

"Well, when I got back to Lexington, there was the wire from Anderson. It was a Western Union money order and the message with it said, 'Any man

continued on next page



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SUBJECT: P. T. CHINN

continued from page 65

who can use \$25,000 can use \$50,000. Regards."

"Boy, he was a true friend," said Joe. "A true friend and a game man, Joe," said Colonel Chinn. "He could lose \$100,000 in an afternoon and sit down and relish the biggest dinner ever eaten by mortal man."

"His death was very touching, Colonel," prompted Joe.

The Colonel leaned back in his chair and was silent a moment. Then he raised his head and said:

"He was scalded while taking a bath in a New York City hotel and contracted pneumonia. He died a few days later. His last words were, 'Sprinkle my ashes on the finish line at Belmont. That's where they broke me.'"

"I believe the wish was carried out," said Joe.

"That is my understanding, Joe," said the Colonel. "They chartered an airplane. Get the idea?"

After dinner, Joe and the Colonel sat for a while in one of the parlors of the inn. People walking through the room stopped and greeted them and complimented the Colonel on coming through the winter so well.

There was a full moon riding the cloud-flecked sky when the ride home began. Now the talk turned from the old days to the present and the future and the horses Joe and the Colonel had together and separately and the others that the Colonel's grandson, Hal Steele, had in training in Hot Springs. They talked of horses that might be bought and the prices that were being asked for them.

"Never pay a man the bottom price, Joe," admonished the Colonel. "Never chisel a man if you can help it. Not unless he's trying to chisel you."

Joe nodded.

It was almost 11 o'clock when the big black car turned off the Paris Pike and into the drive that led up to the big house of Old Hickory Farm.

This is not the mansion that was the scene of some of the Colonel's greatest triumphs. That one went with the crash of his fortunes in Depression days. It is now the property of Leslie Combs II and John W. Hanes of the syndicate that owns the horse named Nashua.

But this was a house that any man could be proud of, with the white fences and the tall, old trees framing it. As Colonel Chinn stood in the doorway and waved to his young friend, Joe Graves, it looked brave and shining in the light of the full Kentucky moon. (END)

COMING EVENTS

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

April 13 through April 22

FRIDAY, APRIL 13

Baseball

Exhibition Games

- Cincinnati vs. Indianapolis, Richmond, Ind.
- Milwaukee vs. Cleveland, Indianapolis, Ind.
- New York (N) vs. Washington, Washington, D.C.
- Philadelphia vs. Boston, Danville, Va., 1:35 p.m. (Mutual).
- Pittsburgh vs. New York (A), Pittsburgh.
- St. Louis vs. Chicago (A), Omaha, Neb.

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Denver.

Baseball

- NCAA championships, second day, Madison, Wis. (also April 14).
- Harcina Jackson vs. Johnny Williams, heavyweights, Washington, D.C. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Memphis, Tenn.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14

Baseball

Exhibition Games

- Chicago (N) vs. Chicago (A), Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Brooklyn vs. New York (A), New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS*).
- Milwaukee vs. Cleveland, Milwaukee.
- New York (N) vs. Baltimore, Baltimore.
- Philadelphia vs. Boston, Springfield, N.Y.
- Pittsburgh vs. Detroit, Pittsburgh.
- St. Louis vs. Kansas City, Kansas City.

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Buffalo.

Gymnastics

- National YMCA championships, Germantown, Pa.

Horse Racing

- Governor's Gold Cup, \$30,000, 6 f., 3-yr-olds, Bowie, Md.
- Excelsior Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr-olds and up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Hunt Racing

- Block House Hunt Races, Tryon, N.C.
- My Lady's Master Point-to-Point, Mocking, Md.

Lacrosse

- Army vs. Yale, New Haven, Conn.
- Maryland vs. Washington and Lee, College Park, Md.
- Princeton vs. Mt. Washington, Baltimore.

Rewling

- Navy vs. Princeton, Annapolis.
- Rutgers vs. Pennsylvania, New Brunswick, N.J.

Soccer

- Scotland vs. England, Glasgow, Scotland.

Water Polo

- National AAU championships, final day, Chicago.

SUNDAY, APRIL 15

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Grand National Circuit 100-mile race, Hillsdale, N.C.
- NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Montgomery, Ala.
- NASCAR Modified and Sportsman Circuit race, North Wilkesboro, N.C.

Baseball

- ★ Salute to Baseball, major league interviews and historical highlights, 7:30 p.m. (NBC).

Exhibition Games

- Brooklyn vs. New York (A), New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).
- Chicago (N) vs. Chicago (A), Chicago.
- Milwaukee vs. Cleveland, Cleveland.
- New York (N) vs. Baltimore, Baltimore.
- Pittsburgh vs. Detroit, Pittsburgh.
- St. Louis vs. Kansas City, Kansas City.
- Washington vs. Charlotte, Rocky Mount, N.W.

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Detroit.

Bowling

- Championship Bowling exhibition, Chicago, 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Dog Show

- Kennel Club of Buffalo, Buffalo.

Golf

- Greensboro Open, \$15,000, final day, Greensboro, N.C.

Sailing

- 5.5-meter class starts, Bermuda.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Little Rock, Ark.

MONDAY, APRIL 16

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Chicago.

Bowling

- Bobby Bell vs. Miguel Servico, featherweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Da Men).
- Archie Moore vs. Eddie Cotton, heavyweights, exhibition, Seattle (10 rds.).
- Nino Valdes vs. Eddie Machen, heavyweights, San Francisco (10 rds.).

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Cantonville, Ill.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Chicago (A), Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual).

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Chicago (also April 18).

Bowling

- Crisis Andrade vs. Jorge Macias, lightweights, San Jose, Calif. (10 rds.).

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, South Bend, Ind.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18

Baseball

- Pittsburgh vs. New York (N), New York, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling

- Bobby Boyd vs. Holly Nims, middleweights, Chicago (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

- Princess Stakes, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y.

Lacrosse

- Army vs. Rutgers, West Point, N.Y.
- Yale vs. Yale, New Haven, Conn.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Madison, Wis.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19

Baseball

- Philadelphia vs. Brooklyn, Jersey City, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Baseball

- Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Indianapolis.

Bowling

- Women's International Bowling Congress championships, Miami, Fla.

Sailing

- All-Navy finals, Newport, R.I.

Golf

- Virginia Beach Open Invitational, \$15,000, Virginia Beach, Va.

Tennis

- World Tennis Tour, Hinsdale, Ill.

Track

- Boston Marathon, Boston, Mass.

FRIDAY, APRIL 20

Auto Racing

- NASCAR Grand National Circuit 100-mile race, Langhorne, Pa.

Baseball

- Boston vs. New York (A), New York, 1:35 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling

- Gene Fullmer vs. Tiger Jones, middleweights, Cleveland (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Sailing

- Tampa to Fismout ocean race, Tampa, Fla.

Table Tennis

- National Intercollegiate Tournament, Auburn, Ohio.

Track & Field

- Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kan. (also April 21).
- Queens-Iona Spring Relays, New York (also April 21).

Weight Lifting

- National YMCA championship, Berkeley, Calif. (also April 21).

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

Auto Racing

- SCCA Road Races, Pebble Beach, Calif.

Baseball

- New York (N) vs. Brooklyn, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS*).
- Cincinnati vs. Chicago (N), Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling

- Ezzard Charles vs. Don Jasper, heavyweights, Windsor, Ont. (10 rds.).

Horse Racing

- Wood Memorial, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).
- Chesapeake Stakes, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds, Laurel, Md.
- California Derby, \$35,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, San Bruno, Calif.

Hunt Racing

- Stand National Point-to-Point, Butler, Md.
- Hildeberg Hunt Race Area, Hildeberg, Va.

Lacrosse

- Army vs. Princeton, Princeton, N.J.
- Duke vs. Maryland, College Park, Md.
- Navy vs. Virginia, Annapolis.

Rugby

- Red Bluff Round up, Red Bluff, Calif.

Sailing

- Chiles Cup, Pennsylvania-Colombia-Princeton, New York.

Rugby

- Harvard vs. University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

Track & Field

- Ohio State Relays, Columbus, Ohio.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Hickory, N.C.
- NASCAR Sportsman Circuit race, Martinsville, Va.

Baseball

- Boston vs. New York (A), New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bowling

- James Parker vs. Hans Niehaus, heavyweights, Dortmund, Germany (10 rds.).

Skiing

- Harvard-Dartmouth slalom, Mt. Washington, N.H.

*See local listing

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FAT AND FEARED OPERATOR

Sir:

The article on Babe McCoy of the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium (SI, April 2) was appreciated. This fat owl has been getting away with murder in southern California for many years. He has been a pover and a feared individual in professional boxing for the past 10 years. . . .

I always said that the second Jimmy Carter-Lauro Salas fight was a McCoy-inspired fake fight, and revelations of California Governor Knight's great investigating committee make me think I may be right. . . .

Committee Chairman James Cox has done a wonderful job of bringing to view the rats, the wolves, the predators and the preyed-upon in professional boxing. It also shows up an inept, useless state athletic commission which can't do the work it is supposed to do. In face of the fake fights McCoy has been accused of maneuvering into the country's boxing rings, we wonder if the California State Athletic Commission will let McCoy operate further in California?

DAN SCHAEFFER

El Paso, Texas

EXIT

Sir:

Congratulations to SI on the excellent and constructive effort to clean up the smelly mess in California boxing.

All fair-minded, sports-loving people are with you in this crusade and hope that you will continue the good work. The boxing commission should be forced to appoint fair and competent officials and to drive out hoodlum managers and promoters.

JOHN E. SAUSSER

Kelso, Wash.

REALITY IN SAN FRANCISCO

Sir:

Stupefaction is the word that best describes the feelings of most fans out here on learning that Hal Lear of Temple had been voted by the sportswriters as the most valuable player in the NCAA basketball tournament (SI, April 2).

I have no wish to detract from Lear's feat of scoring 48 points in his team's final game, but it is only realistic to note that it was accomplished in a consolation match under comparatively little pressure and had the effect merely of assisting Temple to gain third-place ranking in the tournament.

So this was valuable? To whom? To

what? Again without decrying Lear, who was obviously under orders to take more than his usual share of shots, it seems to me that an award based solely on an individual's achievement, without regard to the degree to which it may have advanced his team's fortunes, is an endorsement of "showboat playing" and an invitation to more diligent grandstanding in the future.

Our local pride in the USF basketball team is due not only to its record victory string, but also to the manner in which it was accomplished. Despite the presence on the squad of two All-Americans, K. C. Jones and Bill Russell, each game was played as a team enterprise, and each member willingly subordinated himself at all times to the team effort. . . .

JOHN WALSH

San Francisco

WHERE WOULD THEY BE WITHOUT HIM?

Sir:

You implied that Hal Lear won the MVP honor only on the basis of a 48-point performance against Southern Methodist. I'm sure that if you look at the records, you will see that he really did deserve it. He earned 26 points against Holy Cross, 40 against Connecticut, 14 against Canisius, and won the game for Temple by sinking two free throws in the last five seconds. He also scored 32 against Iowa in a losing game.

STEVEN GREEN

Philadelphia

• The games against Holy Cross, Connecticut and Canisius were in earlier rounds of the NCAA playoffs, and only performances in the finals at Evanston, Ill., March 22-23, counted toward the MVP award made at that time.—ED.

DO ME A FAVOR

Sir:

Just a word of thanks to SI and to Writer Roy Terrell for the fine basketball articles and pictures you gave us during the past season.

Speaking for the West Coast basketball fans, would you please do us one favor? Don't ever again use the Associated Press writers' poll as a basis for judging teams. Their results just don't seem to qualify them as unprejudiced experts.

At the end of the regular playing season USF had a two-year record of 51 straight wins, including four tournaments. Coaches

and experts claimed they were the best college team in basketball history. To show how ridiculous the AP poll is, although they managed to come up with USF on top, there were exactly one half (66) of the voters who thought some other team was the best in the nation. Two experts voted for Kentucky Wesleyan as No. 1 throughout most of the season, another had USF 19th, and we know of another who didn't even have them in the first 10 during the last month of the season. . . .

Don't spoil your basketball department by using this poll. Let your own experts, such as Roy Terrell, handle it. . . .

C. A. JOHNSON

Berkeley, Calif.

• The Associated Press compiles its weekly poll of the top 10 basketball teams from ballots submitted by over 200 sportswriters, most of whom have a first-hand knowledge only of their local teams. SI, a member of AP, published the poll to give readers an opportunity to learn the opinions of sportswriters throughout the country. However, in defense of the AP poll, it should be noted that the extent of USF's greatness was not truly tested until they romped through the NCAA tournament with as little effort as through their regular, and not overly taxing, schedule.—ED.

AL WIGGINS' FEET

Sir:

SI has gotten to be a favorite on my corridor of the dorm at Ohio Wesleyan. I'm a swimmer but enjoy everything in SI. I am puzzled about the pictures of Al Wiggins (SI, April 2). Is he using an illegal kick or have the rules been changed? Frames two and three appear to show Al using a flutter kick as part of his stroke. Does he?

NANCY ARNOLD

Delaware, Ohio

• SI's pictures are not a sequence strip of the full breaststroke, but individual underwater studies of each component of the breaststroke. In the pictures questioned by Miss Arnold and other readers, Al Wiggins' legs are hanging free as he demonstrates the arm movements.—ED.

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



Daley

CABO BLANCO MARLIN

Sir:

I was very interested in your article on Cabo Blanco (SI, March 19). Last May when I was there I took the enclosed picture of this 1,230-pound black marlin, caught by my cousin, Mrs. David Bartlett.

REGINALD BOGDANIAN JR.

Palm Beach, Fla.



MRS. BARTLETT AND MARLIN

THE HELD JAVELIN

Sir:

In SI June 6, Herman Hickman mentioned in his track column the Held javelin. He said at that time there were only a few being marketed. Do you know if there are now more of these available and, if so, where I could obtain one?

MRS. CLARE HOMAN

Warren, Pa.

• Bud Held, formerly a Stanford track star and now an ordained Presbyterian minister, has covered a lot of ground with his revolutionary javelin since SI first described it 10 months ago. About 18 Held javelins are produced each day by brother Richard's Lakeside Supply Company at El Cajon, Calif. It is now supplied by meet committees to all competitors in AAU championships, and two world records have been set with it. And last week in London the International Amateur Athletic Federation approved the stubby, blunt-tipped javelin for use in the Summer Olympics, although the final decision is up to Australian meet officials. —ED.

"PENNY-A-DAY" FOR MELBOURNE

Sir:

Enclosed is a check for \$258.75 which we hope you will forward to the U.S. Olympic

continued on next page

**That reminds me...****BELL'S****THE****CELEBRATION****SCOTCH**

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19th HOLE

continued from page 69

Committee. This money is the result of a nine-day "Fenny-A-Day" campaign organized and run by the student government of Massapequa High School.

The idea was fostered by SI's coverage of the Winter Olympics and the articles concerning the coming Olympic Games in Australia. Many of our 2,300 students are fans of SI, and therefore eagerly contributed their "Fenny-A-Day."

The students of our school, having proved their interest in a worthy cause, renew our faith in the youth of America.

WILMA DRESE

Massapequa High School
Massapequa, N.Y.

● Our thanks to the students of Massapequa High School, and thanks also to the following, whose cash contributions have been forwarded to the U.S. Olympic Fund: Louis Orlopp, Orosi, Calif.; Joseph Skinner, New Orleans; Robert Winters, Wichita, Kans.; L. S. Calvert, Wilmington, Ohio; James Davis, Springfield, Pa.; Amvets, Turner Roehm Post No. 4, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Donald Ackerman, White Plains, N.Y.; William Conway, Wellsville, N.Y.; Jerome Underwood, Fort Carson, Colo.; Francis Wilson, San Francisco; Audrey Magee, Trenton, N.J.; Dick Butzen, Fond Du Lac, Wisc.; P. E. Smithback, Lackland AFB; Margaret Locke, Montevallo, Ala.; John O'Neill, Tucson; Barbara Gruner, Allentown, Pa.; H. Seeley Jones, Delmar, N.Y.; William E. Mullen, Djakarta, Indonesia; L. W. Flynn, Medicine Hat, Alta.; Mrs. Robert Harris, Klamath

Falls, Ore.; Mrs. Richard Bowler, San Luis Obispo, Calif.; Dr. Jason Boe, Reedsport, Ore.; Robert Witt, New York; Jerry Judge, Port Huemene, Calif.; Mrs. Frederic Gustafson, Hampton, Va.; Arthur Johnson, Westchester, Ill.; Greg Brown, Studio City, Calif.; Larry Cooper, Waukesha, Wisc.; George Phillips, Cleveland; A. C. Blaine, Portland, Ore.—ED.

OLD MAN HUDSON

Sir:

I have just read your article on *Bermuda College Week* (SI, March 26), in which you refer to the *Chowancy M. DePeu* as an old Mississippi River steamboat. How could your editorial staff make such a blunder? I'm sure that Mark Twain must have turned over in his grave. The Mississippi River steamboat was a shoal draft paddle-wheel boat, whereas the *Chowancy M. DePeu* is a deep draft propeller steamboat suitable for coastwise service where rough water is often encountered.

Actually the *Chowancy M. DePeu* was built in Bath, Me. in 1913 and named *Rougeley*. She was built for the Maine Central Railroad to carry summer visitors from their railroad terminal at Mt. Desert Ferry on the Maine coast to Bar Harbor and other way stations on Mt. Desert Island. As this traffic decreased by reason of the automobile and improved highways, the *Rougeley* was sold in the mid '20s to the Hudson River Day Line, her name being changed at that time to *Chowancy M. DePeu*. After many years of operation on the Hudson River, and after being taken over by the U.S. Government during the war, she finally found her way to her present passenger excursion service at Bermuda.

In spite of your erroneous description of her, I enjoyed seeing the excellent picture of the *Chowancy M. DePeu* as she appears



"To put it briefly, sir, I bought a round trip ticket here in 1949 for a Pacific cruise on the—"

at the present time, even though she is not as beautiful as in her early days when her forward deck was closed in up to the level of the second deck and her hull and superstructure were painted a glistening white.

JOHN I. DAYTON

Royal Oak, Mich.

• Mr. Davidson, a member of the Steamship Historical Society of America, is correct and so are the half-dozen nostalgic passengers who wrote S1.—ED.

KNOWLEDGE AND TALENT

Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent article about the Sebring sports car race. All enthusiasts enjoy reading a factual report that displays not only writing talent but also a knowledge of sports cars.

JOE GILLESPIE JR.

Bellefontaine, Ohio

NO. 4

Sirs:

Is there any significance attached to the No. 47 I noticed that there was no entry with either that number or 13 on the official entry list for the Sebring Race (S1, March 26).

KELVIN LINDGREN

Loma Linda, Calif.

• Starting positions are assigned on the basis of engine displacement, the big cars starting in front. The three Class C Corvettes were given positions 4, 5 and 6. John Fitch, the Corvette team captain, decided to replace one of the Class C entries with an over-5-liter Corvette which became eligible for Class B and drew the first position, leaving the No. 4 slot open.—ED.

OF MEN AND MACHINES

Sirs:

S1'S NEGATIVE OPINION OF THE VALUE OF THE SEBRING COURSE AS A TESTING OREGON FOR DRIVERS' SKILL IS IN COMPLETE VARIANCE WITH OPINION OF MAJORITY OF DRIVERS. FANGIO, CASTELLOTTI, TARUFFI, STIRLING MORG, FARNELL, PETER COLLINS, JEAN BEHRA, HARRY SCHELL, CUNNINGHAM, FITCH, O'SHEA AND OTHERS, WHEN ASKED IF THEY WANTED COURSE STREAMLINED AND SIMPLIFIED, UNANIMOUSLY INSISTED THAT NO ALTERATIONS BE MADE OTHER THAN NORMAL SURFACE IMPROVEMENTS TO ROAD PORTION OF CIRCUIT. ALL AGREED THAT THIS SINGLY COURSE IS A REAL CHALLENGE TO THE ABILITY OF MAN AND MACHINES.

ALEC ULLMAN
CLERK OF COURSE
R. S. SMITH
RACING SECRETARY

MIAMI, FLA.

• Drivers and works racing directors questioned by S1 over the past two years agree that Sebring is a real challenge to man and machine, but because of its flat, short and multi-curved design is a lesser test of pure driving skill than many European courses.—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK

DANIEL E. POMEROY

Daniel E. Pomeroy of Sea Island, Ga. is a fine example of a businessman who has made notable contributions to sport. Shown receiving a buss on the cheek from Goller Betty Dodd during a recent tournament at Sea Island, the 87-year-old Pomeroy has made a hobby of establishing golf clubs. He helped to found the National at Southampton, N.Y. and The Links at North Hills, N.Y. A banker by vocation, Pomeroy has also been active as a big game hunter. In 1927 he donated several specimens to the American Museum of Natural History after an expedition to East Africa. In recognition of Pomeroy's interest in retrievers the Midwest Field Trial Club last fall held its trial in his honor.



BILL TENNEY

Among the visitors to Monaco this month will be W. L. (Bill) Tenney, a 40-year-old research engineer from Dayton, Ohio. But, unlike most of the other visitors, Bill's mind will be on the world Class C outboard hydro races, not the Kelly-Rainier wedding. Last month Bill won the Colonel Green Star Island Trophy by taking the American Power Boat Association outboard regatta circuit in Florida. Tenney, the Star Island trophy winner in 1953, amassed 2,000 points by piloting *Hornet XV*, his Class C hydroplane, to two firsts and four seconds in six events. Bill did almost as well in Class B outboard hydros. He compiled 1,975 points, to finish second behind himself in the over-all point total.





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